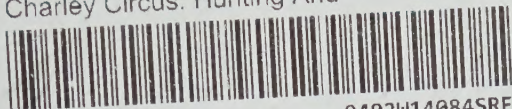


Charley Circus: Hunting And

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CHARLEY CIRCUS

HUNTING AND TRAPPING IN BRAZIL (1914)



WILLIAM JAMES MORRISON

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Charley Circus: Hunting And Trapping In Brazil

William James Morrison

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MORRISON'S SYSTEM OF NATURAL HISTORY STORIES

CHARLEY CIRCUS

Hunting and Trapping
in Brazil



BY

WILLIAM JAMES MORRISON

NASHVILLE, TENN.; DALLAS, TEX.; RICHMOND, VA.
PUBLISHING HOUSE M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH
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CHARLEY CIRCUS

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TO THE MEMORY OF
MY FATHER.



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INTRODUCTION.

THE story-teller is an artist of highest rank. While patient study and practice may achieve a measure of skill in story-telling, the art at its best is a divine gift; and the real artist is born, not made. Indeed, it would not be beyond the mark to say that such a story-teller as the author of this book has an unmistakable genius for his work. He never wearies the reader by commentary or elaboration, but goes straight to the mark and fastens mind and heart tenaciously upon the movement of his story. He has a fine quality of realism that vivifies and sets lastingly in memory the word pictures he paints. With all his fervor it is to his credit that he does not exaggerate. In fact, one who reads these fascinating stories of Brazil, if he should go to Brazil, would find the book a singularly accurate preparation for his visit. If he has already seen that greatest of wonderlands, the "Charlie Circus" stories of Brazil will be a double delight. This gives a unique value to the Morrison storybooks in that, while they charm the reader of any age, most of all the boys and girls, they leave in mind a depositum

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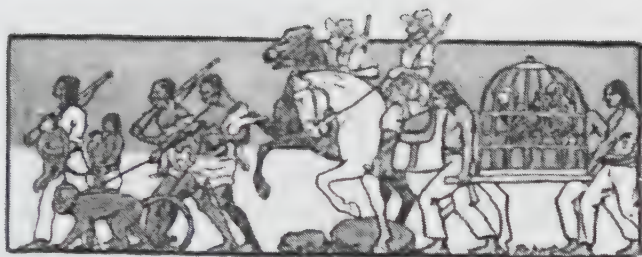
of exact and serviceable fact, which the reader will look for in vain from the pens of most story-tellers. Believing sincerely that the author is a genius of his kind, it is not a surprise that this his latest book should be his best. Genius does not wither or grow stale.

H. M. HAMILL.

NASHVILLE, TENN.

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CHARLIE CIRCUS.

First Evening.

YOU little folks will be delighted with the stories I am going to tell you about hunting and trapping in Brazil, where I went with my two uncles.

Uncle John remained at Para, a city at the mouth of the Amazon River, where he said he intended to rest several months before going up the river to trap wild animals for the circus. I continued the journey up the great river with Uncle William, who was going to seek diamonds.

After many hardships among the Indians of that country, we found a friend in a Mr. Goodman. Leaving my uncle at this man's house, I went in search of a gold mine with our newly made friend. After traveling miles and miles

back into the wilds of Brazil, we found a mine rich in the beautiful yellow metal; and after getting all we could carry, we packed it upon the backs of three horses and, following our Indian Seequick and Johnny Jones as guides, began our journey from the mine to a river that empties into the Amazon.

Although Mr. Goodman's two negroes, Jackson and Snowball, were with us, and Johnny and several Indians with him, we were in danger of being killed by robbers and our treasured gold taken from us. We had but little ammunition, and were compelled to use what we had in killing wild animals, for we were almost out of food.

One day just before sundown we made our camp on the bank of a little river and prepared to cook our supper. As the camp fire blazed up, some bushes near by seemed to take fire; but, to my surprise, they did not burn. Mr. Goodman explained that these bushes gave off a gas, and that it was the gas that I saw burning. I wished they would give off enough gas to burn all night, as it was my time to go on watch with one of Johnny's Indians for the first four hours.

All our people were very tired and before

sundown were fast asleep. As I sat there on the bank of the river in the quiet of the late afternoon, a big-headed, web-footed animal about the size of a small hog came out of the water. It was a water hog that had come up to eat fish, but it sprang back into the river. I



TAMANDUA, OR SMALL ANT-
EATER.



BOA AND AGOUTI.

looked to see what had frightened the creature. There, coiled around a tree, was a huge snake that had just caught a little agouti; and after mashing all the bones in the animal's body, he swallowed it just as if it had been a

big oyster and, dropping from the tree, crawled away.

By this time the sun was almost down, but I remained very quiet to see what some of the other animals would do. I did not have long to wait till some queer-looking fishes (*Anableps*) came down the river. They moved along more like a frog hops than as a fish swims; and having one-half of their bodies out of the water, I could see that these fishes had eyes out of the upper part of which they could see out of the water and from the lower half in the water. The part of the eye above the water was made to see with in the air, while the part under the water was made to see with in the water.

In a minute these strange fishes passed me; and I was about to take a walk around the camp when I was startled by a scream: "Willie, come! Willie, Willie! Willie, come go!" Then there was a clear musical call of "Whip poor Willie! Whip poor Willie!" and before I could move, a little bird alighted on a tree near me and called: "Willie, come! Willie, Willie, Willie, come go!"

I hurried to camp, where I found Mr. Goodman awake, who told me that the bird was called a goat sucker. At one time the people thought

the bird sucked the goats, when, in fact, he was flying around and under them to catch the bugs and flies that pestered the goats.

When it was time for the other men to go on guard I was very glad, for I was so worn out that I went to sleep very quickly and thought nothing more of the wilds about me till awakened the next morning by the savage barking of South American wolves. Mr. Goodman told me that the pack of wolves were following a jaguar, hoping that he would kill some animal and leave part of it for them to eat. The wolves in this respect are like the jackals that follow the lion to eat what the king of beasts leaves of any animal he has killed.

The next morning, leaving Seequick to cook breakfast, Johnny and I went for a swim; but seeing some water hogs on the bank of the stream, we watched them romp and play. They were having as good a time as that many children at play, when with a roar a jaguar sprang among them from his hiding place and caught one. With shrieks of fright the others jumped into the river and disappeared under the water, where they would be safe from the jaguar.

I could not keep from taking a shot at the beautiful jaguar; but I did not hit him, and he

ran into the woods. Some of our Indians came to see what we had shot, and we made them stand guard while we took a bath.

On the way back to the camp Johnny pointed out an animal called the little anteater. The creature was about the size of a squirrel and looked like one. He could use his tail like a monkey, and with the two claws on his front feet he picked the bugs, insects, and ants from their hiding places and the wasps and bees from their nests. Like a squirrel, he sat upon his hind legs while eating them.

All that day as we journeyed through the forest we kept a sharp lookout for the jaguar we had seen that morning, for these animals sometimes follow travelers for miles through the woods. They jump from tree to tree and hide among the leaves until they get a good chance to spring upon the traveler.

Johnny said that all the animals in the forest were afraid of the jaguar and kept out of his way except the great anteater, which could kill the tigerlike beast by cutting him to pieces with his big, strong, sharp claws. But children sometimes catch jaguars when they are very young and bring them up as you would a puppy; and when raised up about the house,

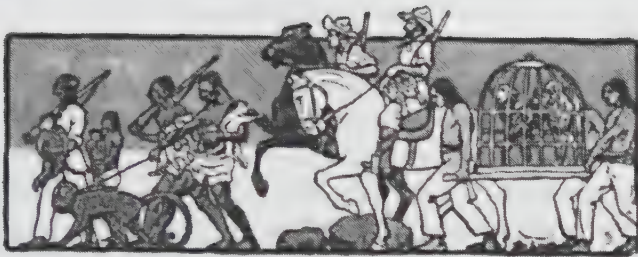
fed and petted, they become as gentle as a dog. After seeing these savage creatures in the woods, I can tell you that I would not want one of their little ones brought up as a pet about my house.

Late in the afternoon we began looking for a good place to camp, and were greatly interested in the many different things we saw. It is at this time of day that the ground doves are running about, the parrots are flying overhead on their way home, the little finches hop about the grass, humming birds flit from tree to tree, while blue- and yellow-striped lizards run up and down the tree trunks or peep at you from behind old logs.

But we were more interested in the big things of the forest, as we wanted game; for, not having killed anything that day, we had but little to eat. Therefore when we found a nice place on the bank of the river to spend the night, we were in truth as hungry as hunters. There were great numbers of fish in the river. The Indians tried to catch some for supper, but they were so slow biting that it would have taken all night to catch enough for our people to eat. Understanding this, Seequick began to search for some timbo vines. He was not

long in finding all he wanted. Mashing them with a club so the sap would come out, he picked out a place where the water made a little pond or eddy. Against the bank and into this eddy he put the mashed vines. The water at once turned to a milky color; and the sap from the vines making the fish sick, they came to the top of the water, floating on their sides. The Indians jumped into the river, picked the fish up, threw them on the bank, and we had a big fish fry for supper, since Seequick knew how to catch them.

Our time is now up, and I shall have to close our story.



Second Evening.

THE next day after our fish supper we journeyed through the forest, and I wish you children could have seen the beautiful buff- and rose-colored cocoons that hung from the trees along our path. These cocoons are made by the caterpillar. When he begins his work he lets himself down from the tip end of a leaf by spinning a thread of silk about three feet long, and on the end of this thread he weaves a netlike bag about the size of a sparrow's egg. He then gets on the inside of the bag and weaves beautiful silken rings, making for himself the coziest kind of a nest that swings back and forth with every breeze. I noticed that these caterpillars always swung their nests over a path or in some open place where there was room for them to swing without striking the trees or bushes.

We were about to enter a path, that Johnny

said led to an Indian village, when I saw a bird trying to catch a caterpillar in one of these cocoons; but every time he struck at the caterpillar the cocoon bobbed out of the way, and the bird gave up trying to get the little insect out of his nest.

It was now nearly dinner time, and, as we had been unable to kill anything to eat, we decided to make our way along the path to the village, hoping to get a supply of food there.

Not wanting the Indians at the village to find out that we had gold with us, it was agreed that Johnny, Seequick, and I should go to the village, while the others remained several miles back in the woods until we returned with food. After a long, hot walk we came in sight of the village, which was built on a low field of level land a little back from a river. When we came near the village we were met by an army of small, reddish ants called fire ants; and I can tell you the name suited the savage little things, for the moment one touched the flesh he stuck his jaws into the skin, doubled up his tail, and stung with all his might.

When we entered the village we could find no one living in the huts; but, going to the far end of the street, we came upon some Indians,

who invited us into their houses and treated us very kindly. But the houses were overrun with the fire ants. Every kind of food had to be hung from the ceiling by cords and a wad of cottonlike stuff, wet with sticky varnish, tied in the middle of the cord; so that if the ants came down the string they would get stuck on the varnish, like flies are caught on fly paper. This same kind of varnish was on the legs of the stools; and the only way to keep from being stung by these horrid ants was to sit on the stool with your feet off the ground.

The ropes that held the hammocks had to be painted with the varnish, so the ants could not get to the person sleeping in them; and as the Indian men did no work about the house, they spent their time in these hammocks.

The women did all the work, and had to plaster themselves over with mud to keep the ants from stinging them to death.

I learned that all the young men and women who worked ran away from a village when the fire ants came, and that it was only the old people and the lazy ones who remained at home. For this reason we could get very little food, because they had very little for themselves. However, they did sell us some smoked

fish, fried turtle eggs, and a little mandioca meal; and we hurried away, glad to leave the fire ants behind us.

We had made our way about halfway back to the camp when, to my delight, I thought I heard the music of an organ. Then I heard the music of a flute, and I felt sure that we were near the home of some white person; and, hoping to get more food, I wanted to go in search of the place. The music seemed so near that I got Johnny to turn from the path into the woods and go in the direction from which the sound came. At each step the music seemed to be nearer and nearer, but I could see no house nor cultivated fields. As soon as the music stopped, Johnny said with a laugh that we had better go back to the path. But I stopped to listen for the music to begin again; and when it did, to my surprise, it came from a large tree a short distance from us. I could see no tree house, but among the leaves I caught a glimpse of a large bird which Johnny told me was the organ or flute bird. He knew I was being fooled; but he had come with me hoping that I might get to see the bird, as it is the most wonderful bird in that country. Other birds, he said, may have fine feathers;

but when the organ bird begins to sing all the other birds in the forest stop to listen to him, for he can make his notes like those of an organ or a flute.

Making our way back to the path, we were surprised at seeing four Indians moving along in the same direction we were going. We hoped they had not seen us. Stepping back into the bushes, we did not continue our journey until they were out of sight. Then, keeping a sharp lookout, we marched toward our camp; and as we neared it I saw the bushes moving as though some one was sneaking upon us, but I was delighted to see the little brown man come out to meet our party. He had found a number of spider monkeys in the woods, and he wanted me to see them.

I told him about the Indians; and he said they were not bad Indians, but, having heard of the gold mine we had left and wanting to get away from the fire ants, they had set out for the gold mine.

Upon learning this I let Seequick and Johnny take our food to the camp, while the little brown man and I stole through the woods like cats to see the spider monkeys. When we came upon the drove of monkeys I found they had

light faces, bodies covered with coarse black hair, and the longest legs and tails I ever saw monkeys have. I am quite sure they got the name of spider monkeys because of their long legs.

They were having a good time playing together, cutting all kinds of monkeyshines among the trees and vines. One would hang from a limb by his tail and, swinging to another limb, pull himself up with his paws. Again, he would catch another monkey by the tail and pull on it until you would think he would pull his chattering playmate off the tree. They would chase each other from limb to limb, swing to a bough by one paw, and slap a companion with the other; or they would drop loose, and you would think they would fall to the ground, but they would grab another monkey as they went down or catch hold of a limb.

As I looked at them, what do you suppose they reminded me of? Why, the men and women in the circus who act on the tight ropes and in the swinging trapeze.

I saw one monkey that had found a bird's nest in the hollow of a tree. The hole was too small for him to put in his paw to get out the eggs; but as he could use his rubberlike tail as

well as he could his paw, he put his tail in and, pulling out the eggs, ate them before the other monkeys knew what he was doing.

I wanted to get a little closer, so I could see them better; but in doing so I made a slight noise that scared them, and, by jumping and



SPIDER MONKEYS.

swinging from tree limb to tree limb, they went through the woods almost as fast as a bird can fly.

Now that the monkeys were gone, the little brown man and I hurried to the camp, thinking our people would want to continue their

journey; but as some of the Indians who had gone on a hunt did not return, we decided to remain where we were for the night.

But, O! when the hunters returned they had a deer. We sat around the camp fire, each of



BROILING VENISON ON ENDS OF STICKS.

us with a sharpened stick with a piece of deer meat on the end; and how good that broiled venison tasted to me after living on lizards, snakes, and monkeys!

The next morning we found that one of Johnny's Indians had run away—the one who

had gotten the name of Sorehead because he was always growling and complaining at everything he was told to do. Our other men were glad he was gone, but Mr. Goodman was afraid he had gone to join the Indians from the village who had visited our camp the day before; and if he told them about our treasure, they might try to rob us.

Every night after that two or three men were put out to guard our camp until we arrived at the river we had set out to reach. Here we made our camp, and after resting for a day we set about making a raft large enough to carry us and our horses to the great Amazon River.

To build this raft boat big trees had to be cut down and made into logs about twelve feet long. These logs were laid side by side and tied or bound together with ropes which the Indians made from vines that grew in the forest.

After we had built a raft twelve feet wide and fifty feet long, the negroes with their axes made two long paddles, called steering oars, to be used in guiding the raft down the river. But as a raft built as this one was is in danger of going to pieces in a storm, some of our men

were put to work to make a canoe to be used in case our raft was wrecked. To do this they first cut down a tree and made a log fourteen feet long. They built a fire along the log on the side they wanted to hollow out; and by burning it awhile and then scraping off the burned part, and burning it some more and again scraping and burning, they hollowed out the log just as they wanted it. Then, using their axes and knives, they shaped the outside, making a good canoe about twelve feet long out of the fourteen-foot log.

It took us many days to get everything ready for the journey, as all the men could not work at the same time, for some had to go hunting every day to keep us in food. Every evening we caught large numbers of fish, using some of them for supper and smoking the others to take with us down the river.

The canoe being finished and the raft ready for the voyage, Johnny decided to go with his Indians on a big hunt and kill enough meat to last us on our journey. He started early one morning; but in a few hours he returned without any game and told us that several miles back in the forest he had seen the smoke from a camp fire, and, making his way close to the

camp, he found Sorehead, two white men, and a number of Indians.

Having no doubt that Sorehead had told the white men and Indians about our treasure, and feeling that they were on our trail, determined to get our gold, he had quit the hunt and hurried back to camp.

It is too bad that we have to stop our story at such an interesting place.



Third Evening.

AFTER hearing what Johnny had to say about the white men and the Indians, I know you children think the best thing for us to have done would have been to board our raft boat and go down the river. Well, Mr. Goodman thought so too; but we had to cut several trees and make logs out of which to build a kind of fort on the raft, so that if our enemies ran along the bank of the river and shot at us we would be safe.

Johnny and some of his men stood guard out in the woods while Mr. Goodman and the negroes cut the trees and built the fort. It was almost night before our men put our gold and provisions on the inside of the fort, led our three horses onto the raft, and I was sent to tell his men; but I met them hurrying to the river, for one of his scouts had seen the white men and Indians stealing toward our camp.

Johnny was delighted when I told him that we were ready to cut our raft loose. Hurrying to the river, we jumped onto the boat just as some one out in the woods gave a signal whistle. We knew from this that we had no time to lose. Pushing our raft from the bank, we floated only a short distance when thirty



RAFT ATTACKED BY BAD MEN AND INDIANS.

or forty men came out of the woods. No set of college boys could have outyelled the Indians as they ran along the river bank, sending a shower of arrows at us while the white men used their pistols.

Some of the arrows struck one of our horses, and, breaking loose, he plunged into the river;

but he wanted to get back on the raft, and in trying to do so he pushed us out into the swiftly running water, in the middle of the stream, and we were rapidly carried down the river out of reach of our enemies' arrows. But the poor animal that had saved our lives was drowned in the rushing waters.

It was dark and the alligators were bellowing like wild cows when lions are after them. The trees on the banks looked like a solid black wall, and the dark waters boiled and gurgled as our raft rushed along. We knew it would be dangerous to keep our raft in the rushing water. For, should we strike an old sunken log or run upon some little island, our boat would go to pieces; so we steered it to the far side of the river, where the water was not running so swiftly.

But now the question with us was, could our enemies make a short cut and head us off at some bend in the river? We put three men on guard and floated slowly down the river. By the early morning light we could see an island some distance ahead of us. We decided to land, get our breakfast, and let the horses eat grass while we took a hunt.

This island, like nearly all islands in rivers

near the equator, was covered with trees and looked like a good place to find game. We had been having little else to eat but fish for such a long time that it almost made me sick to think of eating another one, and I felt sure that if living on fish would make fins and scales grow on my body I would soon have them. I was determined to have some fresh meat if an animal could be found on the island, and the moment the boat landed I took my gun and went in search of game. Hoping to get a shot at some beast that might come for water, I stole along the bank through the huge clusters of ferns and palms until I reached a point where I could see a long way down the river.

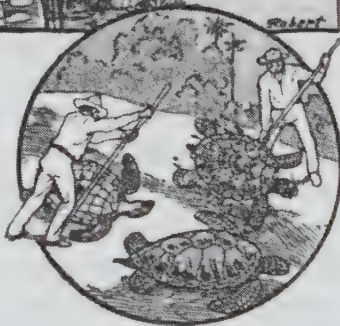
Porpoises played and splashed in the water of the great river, glistening in the bright sunlight. Beautifully feathered parrots flew from the island to the mainland, while others came from the mainland to the island. Some little distance ahead of me the trunk of an old tree had fallen over in such a way that it reached out over the water. I might not have noticed this but for the fact that I saw the palm leaves near it move. A striped animal, spotted like a leopard, came from the bushes and crawled out on the log; and though it crouched close to

the log, I could see that it was a jaguar larger than a dog. I was too far away for a dead shot and had to creep closer to the beautiful thing; but as I did so, from time to time I took a peep at him. If the animal had been



MANATEE.

dead, he could not have been more quiet as he lay there watching for a fish or some water animal to come by him.



TURNING TURTLES OVER.

I was almost close enough to shoot at the jaguar when I caught sight of a cowfish, or a manatee, eating grass near the bank, but swimming closer and closer to the jaguar. No sooner had the cowfish come within reach of the

jaguar than, with the quickness of a cat catching a mouse, his great claw foot went down into the water and pulled the huge beast out of the river and then dragged it on land. By this time I was so close to the catlike animal that my life would have been in danger had he not been busy with his game. Taking dead aim at the beautiful creature's head, I fired. He sprang almost straight up, then fell over; but as quick as a wink he was on his feet again, and I had to give him another ball. The animal staggered off a few steps, then stretched out along the ground, quivering in every muscle.

Knowing that the Indians were very fond of the meat of the cowfish, I made sure he could not get back into the river. I was about to return to camp when I heard the sound of men's voices near me, and I was glad to find that it was some of our Indians who had come to see if I had killed anything. They took my game to the camp, and I tell you I enjoyed for breakfast a piece of the broiled jaguar I had killed.

Leaving Johnny and his Indians to smoke and dry the manatee and jaguar meat over a palmwood fire, Seequick and I returned to the

woods in search of fruit and nuts, for we had no bread of any kind. So hungry was I for bread that I would have given a pound of gold for a pound of bread. I would have been willing to swap a pound of gold for a quart of milk. This would have been paying a big price for bread and milk when you think that a pound of gold is worth about four hundred dollars in this country. But in a few minutes I got all the milk I wanted and did not have to pay for it. Seequick carried an ax with him, so that if we found fruit on a tree he could not climb we could cut it down. We had gone only a short distance beyond the spot where I had killed the jaguar when we came to a grove of tall trees that caused Seequick to give a shout of delight.

Driving his ax into the trees, Seequick said: "We will get plenty of milk out of these cow trees." I had never heard of such a thing as trees giving milk, but after the Indian had cut a place in the tree a sap oozed out that looked like milk. Seequick hunted about until he found some monkey cups; and after washing them out, he caught some of the milk and offered some to me. I told him I was afraid it would make a white man sick; but he told me

that the milk would make no one sick if it was right fresh from the tree, and that it was as good to use in coffee as cream. After seeing the Indian drink a cup of the milk, I drank some, and, finding it good, I returned to the camp to tell the others about it.

Seequick and I led our people back to the cow trees; but as soon as Johnny had all the milk he wanted we made our way through the woods to the lower end of the island, hoping to find some game. We soon came to an open field of sand that reached to the water's edge, and on the part of this sandy beach nearest the water were hundreds of huge turtles. Some of them would have weighed as much as a Jersey cow.

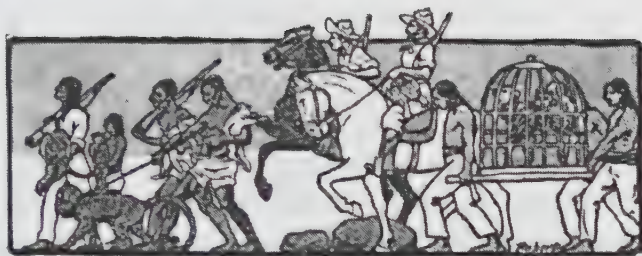
Each of us got a stout pole, and, creeping along the ground until we came close to those farthest from the water, we sprang up, and before all the turtles could get back into the river we had turned two over on their backs, so they could not get away. I learned from Johnny that at certain seasons of the year thousands of turtles come for miles and miles up and down the river to a sand island to make their nests. Sometimes they come in such great numbers that they cover the island; and

as the huge creatures are coming and going all during the night in the moonlight, they make the island look as though it had a moving crust on it. If there is enough room on the island, each turtle will dig out a nest in the sand about two feet deep, lay from fifty to sixty eggs in each nest, and then cover it over so nicely with sand that it cannot be found. If there is not enough room on the island for each turtle to have a nest, two or three use the same nest.

As turtles make their nests and lay their eggs at night and go back into the river before day, the Indians who want to gather turtle eggs must watch the sand islands at night to see if the turtles are coming to them. After a time the sun hatches out the eggs, and the young turtles make their way over the sand to the water, but on the way many of them are caught and eaten by birds and reptiles.

The turtles we had turned over were too large for us to take to camp; so, returning to our raft boat, we floated it to the lower end of the island, our men put the huge creatures on board, and we continued our journey down the river.

The clock says I must close our story.



Fourth Evening.

I WISH you children could have seen the beautiful little green fish, about four inches long and banded with black, ribbonlike stripes, that I caught as we floated down the river. When you take one of them in your hand, it rolls up and looks like a real ball. Johnny told me that these little fish were kin to the diodon fish, that live in the ocean. He said that if a shark should swallow a diodon he would gnaw right through the shark with his sharp teeth and thereby get his freedom and kill the shark in doing so. The Indians claimed that the little river diodon would do an alligator the same way if the reptile swallowed one of them alive.

All day and all night long we floated down the river, passing many islands covered with beautiful trees. I wanted to land on some of them for a hunt; but Mr. Goodman wanted

to get home, and I hoped that we would arrive at the Amazon River before my Uncle John passed the mouth of our river and that we should be lucky enough for him to see us from his steamboat.

The Indians and negroes took turn about in guiding the raft, while Johnny and I spent most of our time fishing, for our people could eat more than any set of men I ever saw. It seemed to me that they never got enough. By the fourth day all the jaguar and a greater part of the manatee had been eaten, and Johnny told me that we would have to take a hunt to get more food.

We first landed on an island; and finding nothing but small game, we floated on down the river and made a landing on the mainland. It was agreed that we should hunt through the forest, going downstream, and get on the raft again after it turned the bend of the river.

I had always heard that there were more snakes, monkeys, and fish in Brazil than in any other country of the world; and if we had been hunting snakes, we had landed at the right place. Hanging from tree limbs were long, brilliant-green snakes. Their bite was not poisonous, and when we got out of our boat

they hurried away through the trees; but we had to keep a sharp lookout for fear we would step on some huge reptile as he glided through the underbrush. At one time, thinking we heard some large animal moving among the trees, we stopped to listen; and while remaining perfectly still and quiet a large snake crawled so close to me that I could see that the skin near the back of his head was split. The reptile made his way toward two twigs growing so close together that he had to force himself between them; and as he did this the twigs squeezed him so tight that, to my surprise, he pulled himself out of his old skin and glided off in the glistening new coat. The old skin was not so shiny as a snake, but it looked just like one as it lay upon the ground.

As we walked on through the forest Johnny told me that at certain times during the year snakes shed their skins; and he had heard the Indians say that if a snake could not get his skin off in any other way he made a ring with his tail and pulled his body through it, peeling off his old skin with the inside out just as children sometimes take off their stockings.

I was so interested in what Johnny was telling me about the snakes that I did not see a

movement in a clump of leaves in a tree just in front of us, until Johnny stopped speaking and touched me, at the same time pointing to the tree. The next moment a big animal, with the ease of a cat, sprang from out of the leaves to a tree farther from us, and as he leaped



KILLING A PUMA.

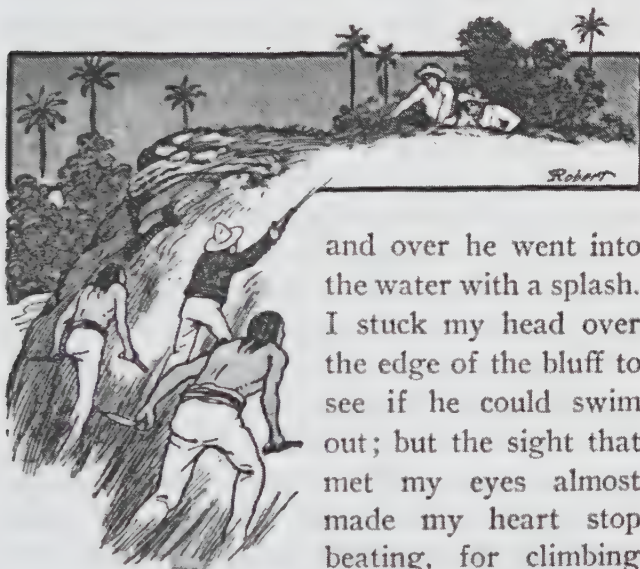
through the air I caught sight of his large yellowish form. I thought we were lucky that he had not jumped upon us and torn us to pieces with his huge claws; but he seemed to want to get away, and had no sooner caught to the tree than he crouched for a spring to an-

other. As he did so Johnny fired; but, with the grace of a tiger, the animal made the leap, and as he went through the air I fired. The spring he had made sent him to the tree, but he was too badly wounded to hold onto the limbs with his claws and came tumbling to the ground. We had killed a puma, or South American lion, that measured from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail six and one-half feet. The animal's head was rather small, but on his shoulders he had great, strong muscles like a lion. His tail was two feet long, with a black tip, but it was not bushy like a lion's tail. The dead beast was too large for us to carry to the river. Covering him with brush and leaves, we hurried across to the bend of the river to head off our boat, so we could send the Indians for the puma.

Upon reaching the river we could see nothing of our raft, and I sat down on a high grassy bank to wait until it came in sight. But for the fact that we wanted to get our dead puma out of the forest before he was destroyed by the wolves or ants, we were in no hurry for the boat to come; for we had a beautiful and delightful place to rest, and so pleasant was the breeze from over the great river that I stretched

out on the ground and would have been asleep in a few moments, but some little animals came out of the bushes and began playing on the grassy lawn not far from us. These were joined by others, then more came to take part in the fun, until there were hundreds of them. They were about the size of a very small pig; and while they were shaped somewhat like a pig, they also resembled a little rabbit. They had coats of many colors. Some were red, some white, some red and white, others were black and white, while others were striped and spotted. I whispered to Johnny to ask him if he ever saw so many guinea pigs. "They are not pigs," he replied, "but Brazilian or South American rats." He told me that the first ever found in the world were found in South America, and they looked so much like little pigs that they were called pigs. From South America the creatures had been carried to other parts of the world, and in some countries they were called guinea pigs, when in truth they were only a kind of rat. One of the little things had found a vegetable which he liked, and, sitting on his hind legs, he held the food in his front paws like a squirrel and began to eat. The moment his companions saw him they tried to take his

food away from him, but the little fellow ran toward us; and he ran so fast that when he came to the bank of the river he could not stop,



ATTACKED BY WHITE MAN AND
BAD INDIANS.

and over he went into the water with a splash. I stuck my head over the edge of the bluff to see if he could swim out; but the sight that met my eyes almost made my heart stop beating, for climbing up the steep bank and stealing upon us was a

white man with only one ear, followed by two Indians.

The white man was not more than fifteen feet away, and we saw each other at the same time. I jerked out my pistol; but I was not quick enough, for he had his out. We both

must have fired at the same instant, for I heard but one report. Then for a second things turned black and stars danced before me. My right eye was blinded with blood, but with my left eye I saw the white man go tumbling down the bluff. This did not stop the Indians, and before Johnny knew what had happened one of the red men, armed with a knife and pistol, had leaped to the top of the bluff; but Johnny shot him, and he fell backward almost on top of the white man. This was too much for the other Indian, and he slid down the bank and was hidden from our sight by the palm leaves.

By this time I was able to turn over. Johnny pressed his finger on the spot over my eye where I had been struck by the bullet to find out how badly I had been wounded. "Thank heaven," he said, "you are not hurt very much! The bullet stunned you and glanced off."

We had nothing with which to dress the gash; so without touching the blood drying over the wound, which was a better dressing than we could make, Johnny pulled off some grass and wiped the blood out of my eye. I was delighted to find that I could see with it as well as ever. Peeping over the bluff, I saw the

white man as still as death right where he had fallen, but the Indian beside him was groaning with pain.

"O!" I exclaimed; "I hope I have not killed that man, for I would not kill any one for all the world."

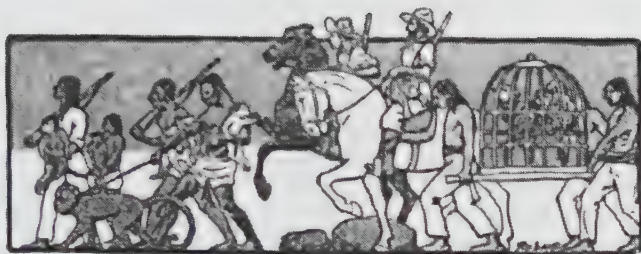
"Shut up!" snapped Johnny. "You have saved our lives. Get up and reload your pistol. That Indian who got away may have gone for help; and there is no telling at what moment the other white man with a band of Indians will be upon us, for this is the same set that have been following us all the time."

Johnny picked up the Indian's pistol and knife. Seeing the white man's pistol where it had fallen on the bluff, I reached down to get it; and as I did so my enemy crawled to the water and washed the blood from his face.

O! but I was glad to know that I had saved our lives without killing him. We never stopped to find out how badly the men were wounded; for, seeing our raft coming down the river, we ran to meet it. We called to Mr. Goodman not to land, but to keep the raft in the middle of the stream and send the canoe for us. In this way we could save time. We could hear our enemies shouting for help, and

as we floated by them a number of the Indians came out of the woods on the side of the river opposite the wounded men.

I think this is enough for this time, and I hope you will enjoy the story at our next meeting.



Fifth Evening.

IT had been Mr. Goodman's intention to see if he could assist the wounded men.

But I can tell you, children, that when we saw the Indians we had no further idea of going to help our enemies; and as we were in the swiftly running current, we were quickly carried around the next bend in the river and were out of sight.

We told our friends about killing the puma, of the fight we had, and how near I came to being killed. The Indians were angry because we had not brought the puma with us, for they said the animal had white, tender flesh which was good to eat.

By this time my eye felt as though it were swollen as large as a coconut; and being now out of danger, Mr. Goodman took a look at it. It seemed that the ball from the white man's

pistol had made only a flesh wound and, glancing off, had left me more scared than hurt.

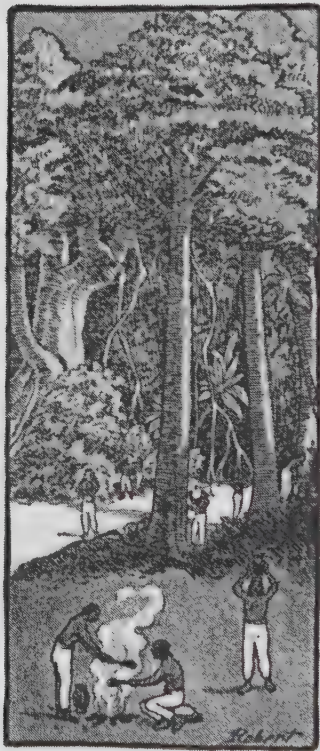
Three days after this we were out of food. Not wanting to lose a day hunting in woods where there was little or no game, and as the Indians would eat horse flesh, we landed our raft, shot one of the horses, and let the men prepare the meat for food. This, with the fish we caught, kept us from starving until we arrived at a low, flat part of the country which Johnny had traveled through. He knew there was a big rubber camp some miles down the river; so he made some of his Indians go through the forest in search of food, directing them to meet us at the storehouse of the rubber camp.

It was early in the morning when the Indians took the horse and started across the low, marshy country. The river had now widened out until in some places it looked like a lake; and I noticed here and there trees so tall and straight that they reminded one of telegraph poles topped off with limbs and leaves, umbrella-shaped. Johnny told me that they were India rubber trees, which grew in the lowlands near the Amazon River. They were never found in separate forests to themselves.

When a rubber camp is started, the men have to build huts in different parts of the forest and cut paths to each rubber tree, so they can go from one tree to another to collect the sap and get it ready to sell.

I learned, too, from Johnny that nearly every rubber camp had a different way of getting the sap ready for the market. In some rubber camps, after the men had built their huts and cut the paths, they made hoops of palmwood around the trunk of each rubber tree. One of these hoops was bound in such a way that it made a kind of trough, which was fastened on the tree with wooden pins, and any crack between the hoop and the bark was stopped with clay. When all the trees were thus hooped or belted, a man (who is expected to attend to from one hundred to four hundred trees) goes from one to another with a small pick or hatchet and makes two or three gashes or splits in the bark above the hoop. From these gashes the sap slowly runs down the trunk to the little trough made by the hoop and is caught in a cup. In a few hours these gashes heal up, the sap stops oozing out, and the man has to make fresh gashes as he goes from tree to tree to collect the sap which has run into the

cups. The sap in the cups he pours into a large bucket which he carries on his arm. When he



TAPPING RUBBER TREES AND SHAP-
ING RUBBER INTO BALLS.

gets the bucket full he takes it to his hut and empties it into a hollowed-out log made for the purpose, and then melts some alum in a pot of hot water and pours it into the sap. In two or three days after this is done the sap is said to be "cured," and is pressed into blocks weighing from twenty-five to fifty pounds. The rubber gatherers call these blocks "cheeses," because they look like milk curd and smell like cheese.

It was late in the afternoon when we landed at a place on the river near the rubber camp. Leaving Mr.

Goodman and the little brown man with the negroes and some of the Indians to guard our gold and care for the boats, Johnny and I took the other men and went in search of the storehouse of the rubber camp.

As we made our way through the woods I saw trees where the bark had been gashed in two or three places and cups under each gash for the sap to drip into as it oozed from the tree. I looked into one of the cups. It was about half full of a very thick, creamy-white juice which looked like condensed milk; and, to my surprise, I found that it tasted sweet like milk.

We had gone but a little way when we met an Indian collecting the "milk," as he called the rubber sap, and he was cutting fresh gashes in the trees with a hatchet. This man told us where and how to find the storehouse. As we walked through the forest Johnny said that the Indians in the camp did not know the best way to gather the sap, and that the one we had just seen would kill all his rubber trees, because in gashing them he went through the bark and cut the soft, white woody part of the tree. He explained to me that whenever the wood of a rubber tree was cut or bruised a little insect

got into the tree and soon killed it. It is in this way that careless negroes and Indians have killed out great numbers of the rubber trees on the Lower Amazon; but when care is used and only the bark cut so the sap will run out, the tree will give "milk" for thirty or forty years.

When we arrived at the storehouse, the boss of the camp was counting out a pile of dark-colored rubber balls about the size and shape of a football. He was getting them ready to send to Para, where they were to be put on ships and taken to other countries to be made into rubber dolls, rubber shoes, rubber coats, and other useful things.

This man treated us with great kindness and was very sorry he could not spare us all the provisions we wanted to buy. He invited us to supper and urged us to spend the night with him, but we were anxious to get back to our friends and told him we could not accept his kind invitation; but before we left I asked him if the Indians were cooking their supper over the little fires I could see scattered here and there through the woods. "No," he replied. "They are drying out the rubber sap collected during the day and making it into rubber balls

like these I have just counted. The Indians in this part of the country have always prepared the rubber for the market in this way and will not change, although there may be other and better ways to 'cure' the sap."

On the way back to the river I stopped to see an Indian dry out his rubber sap over a fire of palm nuts and leaves. Like all the other men about the rubber camp, he looked like he was half starved and badly treated. The poor fellow had a little paddle. Dipping this into the bucket of sap, he held it over the fire, turning it over and over until the sap was dry; then, dipping it again into the sap, he dried it in the same way, continuing to do this until a large ball of rubber was formed on the paddle. I could get very little information from the Indian, but learned that he could collect about two quarts of rubber sap each day, and that if he burned it or got it too black in drying it out the boss would not pay him much for it.

Johnny had let me talk to the Indian for some time, hoping to see his hunters come in, as had been agreed; but as they did not come, we made our way to the river, where we found that our friends had built a big fire and were going to camp for the night. We unpacked the

food we had bought from the rubber man and were cooking supper when we heard Johnny's Indians coming through the woods. They had seen the camp fire and, thinking it might be our camp, came straight to it; and I can tell you we were glad to see that each of them had brought in something to eat.

Seequick had killed a young puma and had it on the horse in front of him. One of the men had a live monkey, while another had all the honey he could carry. But what surprised me was that some of the Indians had tomato vines full of ripe tomatoes about the size of a walnut, and I asked Mr. Goodman where they got them. He replied: "They grow wild in Brazil, for South America is the home of the tomato, and at one time it was the only place in the world where it could be found."

About the time Robinson Crusoe was supposed to have lived in Brazil some one carried tomato seeds to England, and they were planted in flower gardens, because they were thought to be such a beautiful fruit. From England the seed were taken to North America, and for a long time they were grown in the gardens and called love apples.

I was anxious to know how the Indian

caught the monkey. He told me that as they were passing through an open place in the forest they saw a number of bees on the flowers; and knowing that when each bee gets all the honey he can carry he flies straight up into the air and makes a bee line for his home, they watched the direction in which the bees flew and followed them to their hive, which was a hollow tree called a bee tree. Looking up, he saw a monkey with his paw in the hole where the bees went in and out of the bee tree. The hole was just large enough for the monkey to put his open paw through, but when he closed it on the honey he loved so well he could not get his paw out unless he opened it and turned the honey loose. Knowing that a monkey will not quickly turn loose a good thing when he once closes his paw upon it, he climbed the tree and caught the animal before the little rascal could get its paw out of the hole. After he caught the monkey the other Indians cut down the tree and got the honey.

The Indian had given the monkey to one of the men, who had cleaned it for Seequick to cook for supper; and it was while eating monkey with tomato dressing that we were surprised by a visit from the boss of the rubber

camp. He had been to supper, but he said he would taste of our new dish of monkey and tomatoes.

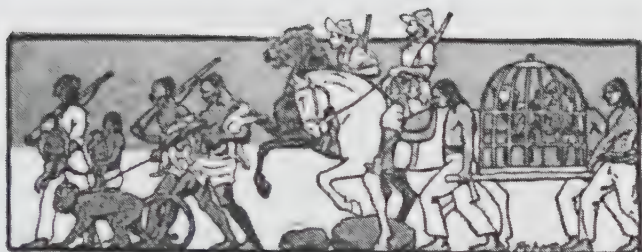
He told us that some of his men who gathered rubber far back in the forest had come into camp with the news that a white man and an Indian who had been badly wounded were



CAMP MEAL—VISIT OF THE RUBBER CAMP BOSS.

making their way to his camp for food and to have their wounds dressed. He asked if we would wait and take the wounded men to the town at the mouth of the river, where they could have the care of a doctor.

Well, children, that old clock says our time is up.

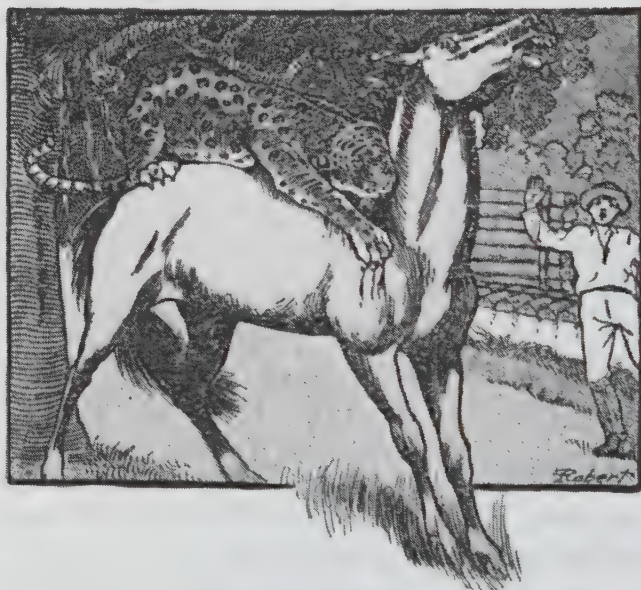


Sixth Evening.

I AM quite sure you children will guess that the wounded white man and Indian were the men we had the fight with. I felt so sure of it that I told the man from the rubber camp that we were in a hurry to reach the Amazon before my uncle in his steamboat passed the mouth of the river, and we could not wait for the men to come. I found that this man knew nothing about the wounded men; but while we were talking several Indians came up and stood around the fire, and he asked one of them to tell us about the men he had seen back in the forest.

The Indian told us the men claimed that they had been wounded in a fight with robbers, who had left them for dead and had taken from them a large amount of gold they had found in a gold mine. The Indian went on to say that the white man was almost as dark-colored as

an Indian and that he had but one ear. "O!" exclaimed the boss of the rubber camp, "he must be One-Eared Soto, who is the greatest robber in this country." Turning to Mr. Goodman, he said: "Unless your people would like



JAGUAR KILLING A HORSE.

to join me in the capture of Soto, I shall take him to a town down the river and turn him over to the officer of the law and get the big reward offered for his capture."

Mr. Goodman replied that we had no time to do this; so, bidding us good night, our companion and his Indians returned to their huts.

The moment our visitors left us Johnny ordered his Indians to get things ready for us to go on down the river, saying that we must get away as quickly as we could, for there were always a number of bad men about a rubber camp; and if the one-eared robber told them we had gold, he could get a band of them to quit their work and, by making a short cut through the country, head us off and give us further trouble.

It was early the next morning, while cooking breakfast, that I saw a jaguar in a tree close to where our horse was eating grass; but before I could get my gun off the raft the huge catlike beast jumped upon the horse, broke the creature's neck, and pulled the dead animal into the river. I fired several times as he was swimming across the river, holding to his prize with his strong jaws; but he never stopped until he dragged the horse into the woods on the other bank of the river to eat for his breakfast.

The Indians wanted to go after the jaguar and get the horse for themselves, but we were too anxious to get to the town at the mouth of

the river to think of letting them hunt the savage thing. Getting through with our breakfast as quickly as possible, we hurried as fast as we could to reach the Amazon.

It is during the early hours of the morning that birds from all parts of the forest come to the river for water and to take their bath, and this morning I noticed more beautiful birds



UMBRELLA BIRD.

and more different kinds than usual. O the fuss they were making — fluttering, chirping, squawking, screaming! But above all the noise they made we were startled by hearing the clear, sweet music of a fife. The

sound put us all on guard, for it might have been an Indian signal; but in a moment or two the music died away and a bird about as large and as black as a crow alighted in a tree near us. He had on the top of his head a bunch of feathers which he could raise up and make an umbrella of, so as to shade his eyes from the sun. Johnny told me that it is because of

this pretty headdress and the way he uses it that he is sometimes called the umbrella bird. From the front of and forming a part of the bird's neck hangs a bag, and the feathers upon it are so black that they look blue; and this bag opens into his windpipe in such a way that he can use it to make his song sound like some one playing on a fife. This is the reason that in some parts of the country he is called a fife bird. It was the music of this bird which we had feared was an Indian signal.

As night came on, numbers of alligators passed us going downstream, and by the time we had gone around a long bend in the river and came in sight of an island ahead of us we could hear them bellowing like a herd of scared cows when jaguars are after them.

I did not like the idea of floating by the island, for at certain seasons of the year all the alligators from up and down a river will gather at an island to lay, like the turtles. The mother alligators will come out on the island and with their paws scratch a hole in the sand and mud for a nest. They lay from fifty to sixty soft-shelled eggs in a nest and cover them with leaves, grass, and mud for the sun to hatch. They remain in the water close to the island

while the eggs are hatching, so as to take care of the little ones when they come out of the nest; for hawks, eagles, and other birds like to eat little alligators, and the mothers not only have to fight them off, but have to keep the big alligators from eating up the young.

As the alligator's head is joined to his body so he cannot move it one way or the other without turning his whole body, my friends claimed they could keep out of his way; but I knew that an alligator could use his tail like a giant can use a club, and I tell you I felt better after we had passed by the island having all those monsters on it bellowing like thunder.

We had made our long journey down the river without seeing a boat or any human being, but the next morning after passing the alligators we saw a canoe with several Indians in it coming up the river. We intended to pass them without stopping; but when they were not far from us a big alligator gave the canoe a slap with his tail and knocked the boat over, throwing the Indians into the river. The huge reptile grabbed one of the men and started to the shore with him. I expected to see the monster swallow the Indian, but the man reached around and with his fingers punched

out one of the alligator's eyes. This hurt the reptile so badly that he turned the man loose, who swam to us, bleeding from the many wounds the alligator's teeth had made. We landed our raft, and Seequick gathered some leaves he knew of that were good to cure alligator bites and, mashing them so the juice would come out, dressed the sore places for the Indian, and they continued on their journey. I learned from the Indians that it was not more than a day's journey to the Amazon River and that they were on their way to a rubber camp.

Nothing would do some of our men but that they must go through the woods and hunt for something to eat while we remained on the raft and floated down the river. They had been gone but a short time when they came running back with a yell and a whoop and, jumping into the river, swam to us. They said that an army of ants was after them, and I laughed at the thought of big, strong men running away from little ants. "You need not laugh," said Johnny. "I have seen an army of ants six miles long; and if ever you run into an army of South American ants, you will be glad to have a river to jump into."

Although the Indians had been in the woods

but a short while, they had seen a puma catching monkeys, and they wanted me to try to shoot the big animal for them. I was anxious to get a shot at the puma; and, jumping into a canoe with Johnny and the Indians, we landed where we hoped to find the animal. Stealing our way through the bushes and vines, we were about to step out into an open place when one of the Indians stopped us and pointed to where a number of scared monkeys were huddled together in a tree about twenty feet from the ground. "Hide right here," said the Indian; "the puma will be sure to come for that bunch of monkeys."

"There he is now," whispered Johnny as he pointed to the lionlike animal creeping toward the tree.

I thought the puma would climb the tree to catch the monkeys, and as he did we could get a fine shot at him; but I saw him crouch, and with a tigerlike spring he alighted among the screaming monkeys and, catching one by the throat, began to suck its blood. We raised our rifles to take aim; but the animal caught sight of us and, dropping the monkey, hid in a bunch of leaves. We moved closer to the tree, that we might get a better shot at

him, and before he had time to make another spring our bullets brought him to the ground.

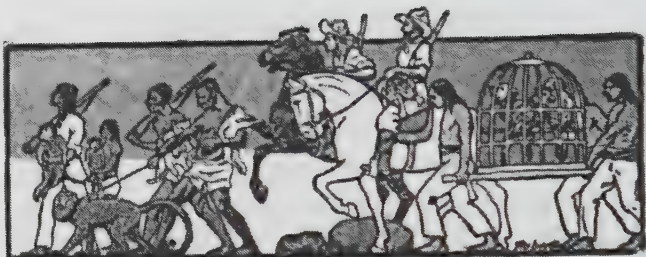
Johnny told me that in killing the puma we had done a good turn to the farmers, as one of these animals, after killing as many sheep as he wants to eat, will then kill fifty or sixty more just for the love of killing them.

The Indians put the dead puma into the canoe, and by hard paddling we overtook the raft.

The sun was going down when we arrived at the mouth of this river, and the waters of the great Amazon stretched out before us like a lake. A number of canoes and what I took to be house boats were at the town wharf. We decided to land on the bank of the river away from the town, so we would not be bothered or robbed by the thieves that are always about a town landing.

Having to live on fish for such a long time had made Mr. Goodman sick; so Johnny, Seequick, and I got into our canoe and went over to the town to get some medicine and buy food supplies.

Now I think this is a good place to close our story.



Seventh Evening.

IF you children had been with us, I know you would have been scared, for every one stopped to look at us as we went up the street. We entered the first store we came to, got what we wanted, and, with a crowd following us to the river, made our way back to the raft.

At daylight Mr. Goodman said he felt well enough to go uptown. We left our gold to be guarded by Johnny and the Indians while we went to find a bank where our gold would be safe and to get Mr. Goodman a hotel, so he could rest until he was well.

We hoped to buy some clothes before many people came out into the street; for we must have looked like Rip Van Winkle with our long hair, soiled shirts, and worn-out breeches. But as only the rich people wore many clothes in that town, there were no clothing stores; so

we had to have our measures taken and order them made.

We could not get into the bank before nine o'clock. As we went down the street from our boarding house, it seemed to me that every one in the town was following us and asking questions about the gold mine; but we pretended that we could not understand them and hurried to the bank.

We looked so much like tramps that we would have been thought crazy when we told them that we wanted to rent the largest safe they had if it had not been for the fact that they took us for miners, news having reached the town that gold mines had been found far back in the forest. We were glad to put our treasure in a safe place, but every night we put two of our men to watch the bank and two to watch the river for the steamboat. I had learned that no one had seen a steamboat go by the town—in fact, few people at that place had ever seen a steamboat.

Another thing I found out was that about twenty miles down the river was a big school-house, and that a Miss Lily Goodman went to school there. When I told Mr. Goodman this, he said that the young lady must be his broth-

er's daughter. Wanting to see her, he ordered me to buy two of the largest boats, such as are used on the Amazon, and we would go to the school. It might be that the river was not so wide there as where we were, and we would be more likely to see my Uncle John's steamer if it came up the river.

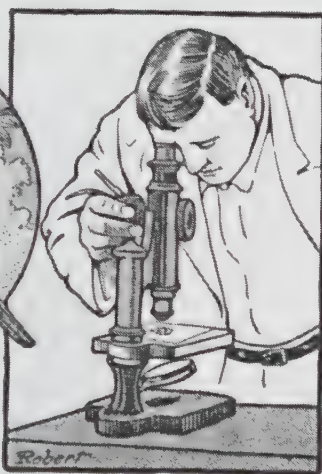
I did as ordered; but I had to beg Johnny to take his Indians and come with us, for I felt that my uncle would hire him to help trap animals for the show. We took one-half of our gold out of the bank and put it in the boats, for with such a large amount of gold in a little bank there was danger of its being robbed; and, on the other hand, if we took all of it with us, we were in danger not only of being robbed, but of being killed by river pirates, and would have nothing for our labor and hardships.

That afternoon, when we landed near the schoolhouse, those who had seen us on the old raft would not have known us, for the whole party were dressed in snow-white suits. As we walked up the lawn to the school, we came upon many parrots in the trees. Some of them were quite large, with red, yellow, blue, and green feathers in their wings, while the long

tail feathers were red and blue. I could hardly take my eyes off of these beautiful birds long enough to look at the red, yellow, and spotted fish in the little lakes we passed. Many of the young ladies came out of the house to walk



PARROTS.



MICROSCOPE.

about the recess yard, watching us as we neared the building.

When we reached the steps, one of the girls left her companions, ran up to Mr. Goodman, threw her arms around his neck, and exclaimed: "O, uncle! I thought it was you when I saw the men coming up the walk."

After being introduced to Lily, she took us into the schoolhouse and went for some of the teachers; but when they came in and learned that Mr. Goodman was not very well, they invited him to a room where he could rest and told Lily to show us over the school.

It was almost sundown when she took us into a big room in which there was a long table, and on this table were several things that looked like spyglasses fixed to brass frames. Lily said they were called microscopes and had magnifying glasses placed in them in such a way that they would make tiny things look big; that while the magnifying glasses in your father's or grandfather's spectacles would make fine print look as large as big print, the magnifying glasses in these microscopes would make a grain of sand look as large as a walnut. Lily took a butterfly's wing about the size of your thumb nail which was fixed upon a piece of glass and slipped it under a microscope, and then placed a lamp so all the light would shine on its wing. I looked through the microscope and saw that the butterfly's wing was covered with feathers. I saw that the black spots were black feathers and that the yellow spots were yellow feathers. I

had always thought that the yellow butterfly was covered with a yellow flour or dust and that a black butterfly was covered with a black flower or dust; but when I looked at them through the microscope I could see that they have different-colored feathers like a bird.

I then looked at a tiny grain of sand and could see the caves in it. Lily then put a piece of mold under the microscope—the kind of mold you have seen on the top of jelly and preserves when you take the cover from the jar. It looked like a forest of trees, bushes, and grass. Some of the trees had fruit on them that looked good enough to eat.

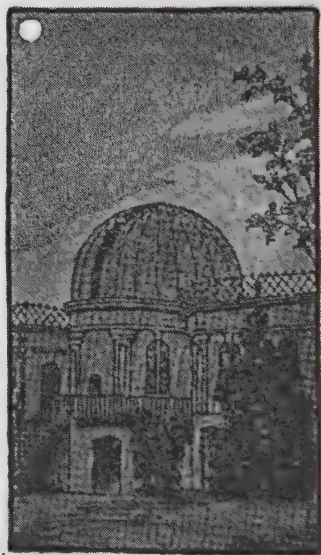
The next thing we looked at was a drop of pond water; and in this I saw animals that looked like snakes, others that looked like lizards. I saw all kinds of tiny bugs, and I am sure that in this drop of water were germs which cause us to have fever and other sickness. In fact, the drop of water was a living, moving mass of creatures that looked like snakes, fishes, and bugs. The larger animals were chasing the smaller ones, trying to catch and eat them. I noticed one animal that seemed to be full of electricity, and he killed all the other water fleas that came near him in just the same way

that the electric eel kills animals with its lightning.

She next showed me the head of a butterfly and told me that it had twenty-five thousand eyes, and that I could not count them all from

one Christmas to another if I had to pick them out as I counted. I looked at a hair that some one had pulled out of his head and saw that it was a little hollow tube filled with oil.

We enjoyed what we had seen and heard so much that we did not know how late it was. The moon had risen, however, and was shining brightly, so Lily



OBSERVATORY.

took us up a hill to a round-topped building called an observatory. The top of this house looked as if it had been made of a huge tin ball cut in two and one-half of it put on the house for a roof. In one place in the ball-like

roof was a long, slitlike opening, and in the opening the moon was shining on something which looked like a big glass eye. Lily explained that this eye was the magnifying glass in the end of the telescope; and when you look at the sun, moon, and stars through the telescope you see as many wonderful things that you do not know about as you saw in the drop of water when looking through the microscope.

Going in, we found that the ball-like part of the house was on wheels and could be rolled around so that the telescope would look to the north; or, when we wanted to look at the moon as it rose in the east, we could roll the roof around so the telescope would point that way; and as the moon traveled over to the west we could keep the telescope's big eye watching it all the time by moving the top of the house as the moon seemed to move. When I looked at the moon through the telescope, it looked as if I could reach out and touch it; and I saw great, big round holes in it that could swallow up the biggest city in the world. From these holes great cracks ran in every direction; but they were so deep that I could not see the bottom, and so wide that the longest bridge in the world could not reach across them. I told Lily

I could see mountain after mountain sticking up, making a ring around the big holes. "Yes," she said, "that is the way in which the mountains make the picture of the man in the moon as we see it from this world with our eyes. The picture of the man in the moon was not always there; but years and years ago, when



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE RELATIVE SIZE OF THE SUN, EARTH, AND MOON.

the inside of the moon was on fire, water ran in on the fire and was made into steam. The steam lifted the ground up, made the mountains, and blew the big holes and cracks in it. The steam burst the moon in the same way

that the powder in a firecracker blows a hole and ragged place in it when fire gets to the powder; but when steam blows things up in this way it is called an earthquake. As soon as the big holes and cracks were blown in the moon all the water and air went on the inside; and if any people live up there, they must live on the inside, for they could not live on the outside, where there is neither water nor air.

"When we have what is called in this world the dark of the moon," said Lily, "it is night up there and so very cold that everything that can freeze is frozen; but when the moon is full and bright it is daytime up there, and we know the sun is shining on it and the moon is reflecting the sunlight to this world of ours in the same way as when you take a mirror or looking-glass and throw the sunlight into people's faces across the street or reflect it from the mirror into the house on the other side of the road. When the sun is shining on the moon and it is reflecting or sending back the light to this world, it is so hot up there that everything that can melt is melted. If God has made a kind of people who can live up there without air or water and not freeze to death in the dark of the moon or burn up in the light of

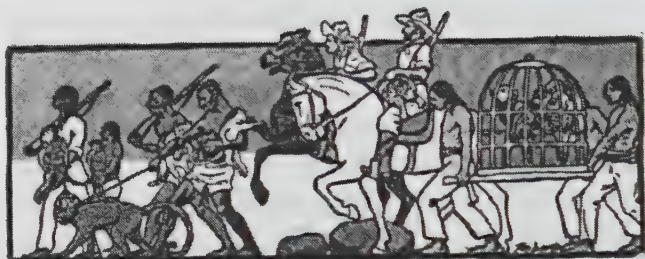
the moon, they must be very small people, because their world is so small. It is so much smaller than our world that a man who would look tall to the moon people would not come up to the knee of a child in this world; and if the grown-up women in the moon should give a party, their tables, chairs, and dishes would be no larger than those used by little children of the earth when they have a doll party. The babies in the moon would be about the size of a man's thumb, and a little baby in this world could stick the head of a moon baby in its mouth just as it can a fooler."

Having seen all we could of the moon, Lily moved the telescope so we could look at some of the stars. She said that all the stars she would show us were worlds, and some of them were as much larger than our world as our world was larger than the moon world, but the reason they looked so small was because they were so far away. Through the telescope I could see that some of the star worlds had more than one moon, and one of the star worlds had a band of ribbon of light all around it.

We now heard a bell ringing, and Lily said we must go to supper. She said that if we

would come to the observatory early the next morning she would show us the sun and tell us some of the wonderful things about it.

This has been a long story, but I hope you have enjoyed it and will be anxious to hear the story about the sun.



Eighth Evening.

YOU children may know that we hurried from our boats to the round-topped house at sunup, and we found Lily there fitting onto the telescope what looked like a piece of smoked glass. She told us that with the colored glass on the telescope we could look at the great, big world called the sun, and the bright light would not hurt our eyes. Before teachers knew how to use colored glasses, the bright sunlight sometimes put out their eyesight.

When I put my eye to the telescope it looked to me as if the face of the sun were covered with something that looked about the size of chopped straw or willow leaves. From whatever this was the light was shining as it shines from the little wire in an electric light bulb. When I said to Lily that I could see big holes

in the sun, she told us that the sun is more than one hundred times bigger than this world and that the holes I saw were called sun spots. They were so big that God could pick this world up and drop it in one of them as you would drop a little marble into a big barrel. The sun is so far away from the world that it looks small to us, and we cannot see the big holes or sun spots in it with our naked eyes. Why, it is so far away that if we had a railroad running to the sun, and your great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfather had got on the train and traveled night and day for three hundred and fifty years without stopping, he would just now be getting into the depot.

If it were a cool day on the sun, it would even then be so hot that the engine and car wheels would melt and run over the ground as you have seen lard do when your mother put it in a hot skillet. If it were a very hot day on the sun, the iron engine would melt and then boil away in a kind of steam, just as water does in a teakettle. It is because the sun is so large and so very, very hot that it can warm and give light to this world of ours.

God made the sun so that its heat and light

would make our trees, grass, wheat, and all kinds of crops grow. It makes our flowers bloom. It makes the apples, oranges, and cherries come on a tree and get ripe. It makes little boys and girls grow into big men and women.

To make the clouds it draws the water up out of the rivers, oceans, and wet places. When you see the tops of houses and fences smoke or steam when the sun comes out after a rain, you may know that the sun is drawing up that water to make into clouds. Then the sun makes the wind blow these clouds through the sky to different places over the earth, and they come down in the form of rain.

That you may understand what I am going to tell you about the sun's heat, you must know that when a Chinaman on the other side of the world makes a firecracker he packs powder into the paper shell so it cannot get out. It comes around the world to you; and when you want to turn the powder loose you set fire to it, and it comes out with a big noise, and there is nothing left but pieces of the small shell.

Now, God has made the leaves of the tree so that they will pack away in the wood of the tree the heat of the sun while it is shining on

them. The same heat that the leaves pack into the wood will stay there until we want to get it out. We can turn it loose and unpack the heat by setting the wood on fire. When we do this the heat that came all the way from the sun will warm us and cook our food. It is this heat that makes the water in the big steam engine go into steam and pull our railroad cars.

Years and years ago the trees that fell down and got covered with dirt turned into coal. But the sun's heat could not get out of the wood even after it had turned into coal until we set fire to the coal and let it out. So you can now understand how we warm and cook with heat that years and years ago came from the sun and had been packed away in the wood of the trees or in the coal in the coal mines.

If God should give the sun to some of the boy angels, and they should forget about the people in this world and take the sun for a football, it would be all night with us then. We should not have any more daytime. The moon would not shine and many of the stars would go out. The rivers would stop running; the wind would not blow; the trees, grass, and flowers would stop growing and soon die. After a little while it would get so cold that men

would be burning up their houses so as to keep warm for the little while they would have to live; for without the sun's light and heat every man, woman, child, horse, dog, cat, mouse, and bird would soon die. While this world is spinning around like a top, making the night or day as its side is turned to or from the sun, it is also traveling around the sun. It has so far to go that it takes this world from one Christmas to the next to make the trip and get back to the place from which it started. But if those angels, while playing football, should kick the sun against this world, this world would be burned to a cinder in less time than you could say one, two, three. We would hardly have time to see the big giants, if any lived up there, before all the houses, rocks, ground, and people of this world would be burned to ashes.

If the same rule holds true that the larger the world the larger the people, and the sun world is more than one hundred times larger than this world, then if there are any people up there they would be a hundred times as large as our people. Why, if you would take four church steeples and put one on top of the other, they would not more than reach to the

chin of such people! Men in this world could not make a ladder long enough for them to climb to the mouths of the sun people to look at their teeth. Their feet would be longer than the cars people ride in on the railroad and wider than the street. A sun man could tie a rope around a big schoolhouse full of children and walk off with it as easily as you can carry your books to school. It would be two hundred feet around his head; and he could put his hat over a yard full of horses, cows, and pigs and catch them all just as you can catch a butterfly with your hat. What the sun woman would think was a little baby could not stand up straight under the biggest circus tent you ever saw. A sun baby could pick up the biggest man in this world and roll him around in his mouth just as you can roll a piece of candy. The children would have to use chairs with legs on them longer than the tallest telegraph pole you ever saw, and when a child got up in school to read his lesson he would read so loud that you could not hear it thunder.

I was so interested in what Lily was telling us about the sun that I was sorry when we had to go to breakfast, but Lily said that she would have some ponies ready for us to take a ride

through the coffee fields near the school. Mr. Goodman was more than willing to remain with the boats and rest while we were gone. We hurried through with our breakfast, got

on the beautiful ponies, and soon were off down the road.



HORNED SCREAMER.

We had just reached a place where the road turned from the river to go through the woods when a large bird with a horn on each wing flew up with a scream like the bray of a donkey.

Lily said that the bird was called a horned screamer, and that it used the horns on its wings to fight with and to kill snakes and other animals for food.

We had not ridden far into the woods when Johnny pointed out an animal that looked something like a monkey without a tail. It

did not have paws like a monkey; but it had long claws with which it could catch to a limb and swing to it, so its body would be on the underside of the limb, and in this way the creature moved among the boughs of the trees, eating buds and leaves. This animal is called a sloth, because he moves so slowly and carefully. But he is really working all the time; for if he did not eat some of the leaves from the trees, no sunlight could get to the ground to make other things grow.

Coming to an open space in the forest, we saw a young sloth on the ground. He was trying to get to a tree a little distance away;

but as the feet of a sloth are not made so he can walk, the poor little fellow was having a hard time. At every step he took the long, hooked claws, which were made to hold on to tree limbs, would stick into his flesh, and he



HARPY EAGLE KILLING A SLOTH.

limped along just like a barefooted child walks over sharp stones and rocks.

As we were watching the sloth a big harpy eagle, with a beak so sharp that it could pick a hole in a man's head, flew down, grabbed the sloth in its claws, and flew to a tree near us. Johnny felt sorry for the sloth and shot the eagle. This made the bird turn the sloth loose, and the little creature in falling caught to a limb. The wounded eagle fell to the ground; but he was a bold, brave bird, and fought us whenever we went near him.

We were soon out of the forest, and before us were the great coffee fields in full bloom. Lily had lived on a coffee farm all her life; and as we rode between the long rows of coffee trees, which looked like great hedge bushes, she told us that the trees were always in bloom at Christmas time, but that the coffee did not get ripe until the month of May. The ripe coffee berries then look like dark-red cherries; and all the people on the place, big and little, are put out in the fields to pick them. The berries are then carried to a large house at the end of the field, where they are seeded as you have seen women seed cherries when they are going to make pies. A tree, she said,

will grow only from two to four pounds of coffee; but there are so many trees in a big field that great quantities of berries are gathered, and the owners have large machines to do the seeding. These seeds, called coffee beans, are washed in a big tub of water and then spread out on stone floors or cement pavements in the sun to dry. They now look white, and when they are as dry as pop corn the beans are run into a big machine that takes off the white shine. After the white shine is taken off, the coffee bean looks green, being now called green coffee, and is said to contain a poison. It is this kind of coffee that is sold in the stores if green coffee is called for, and is not fit to use. But when it is put in a skillet or pan and roasted, the poison is driven off. It then turns a reddish brown, and is sold as parched coffee ready for use.

We had taken a long ride, learned much about coffee, seen the beautiful coffee fields, and were now ready to return to the school, hungry for dinner.

Mr. Goodman was coming up from the boats when we reached the school, and he told us that after dinner we must get ready to continue our journey. We should have liked to

remain longer with these kind people, but we knew we must not wear our welcome out. So that afternoon we bade our friends good-by and, getting into our boats, continued our journey homeward.

I was in the boat with Mr. Goodman, Seequick, the little brown man, and the two negroes. Johnny and his Indians were in the other boat and took the lead.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when we landed on the upper end of a long island to gather some fruit and cook supper. We remained on the island but a few hours, because the best time to travel in hot countries is at night, when the moon is shining. This was such a bright moonlight night that, after we had gone some distance down the river, we could still see the dark-looking trees upon the island.

Johnny and his men were so far ahead of us that their boat looked like a chip upon the water, and we were so far from land that the only sound we heard was the splash of the fish that came near our boat.

I was sitting in the boat enjoying all this quiet and peaceful rest when suddenly we felt

our boat being carried upstream at an awful speed, and before I could learn what was the matter, with a terrible roar the boat was dashed among the trees on the island.

I know you wonder what happened. Well, we will hear in our next story.



Ninth Evening.

I CAN tell you, children, that was a dreadful night to me; for our boat was turned over, and I struggled in the water until I got hold of a tree, where I stayed until morning, not knowing what had become of my friends.

We had been caught in an awful Amazon tidal wave. Some of you may know that these waves are made by the waters of the Amazon suddenly changing and running upstream with such force that they wash away nearly everything that comes in their way.

When the sun rose, I saw that the tidal wave had washed all the island away except a little spot at the highest point. This had some big trees on it, and I was in a tree with water all around it.

I could see nothing of my friends; but as the little spot of an island was the only thing in

the way of land that I could see, I took off my clothes, rolled them up, tied them on my back, and swam for the land.

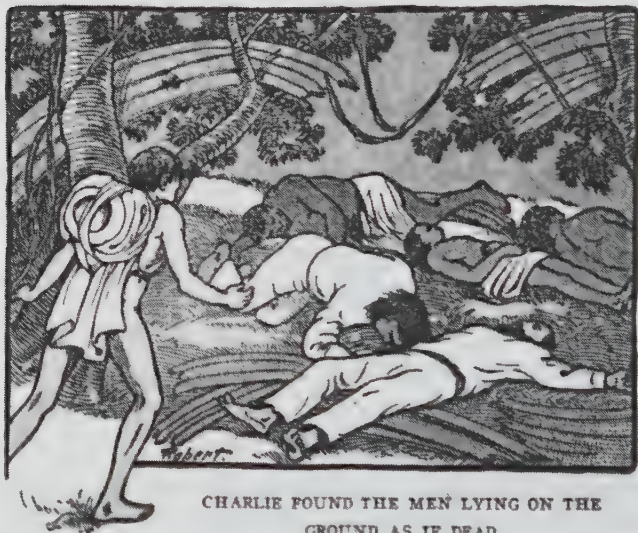
Gracious! I was much frightened when I stepped on the island; for hanging among the limbs of the trees were pieces of our wrecked boat, and stretched upon the ground were the bodies of my companions. But in a moment I found that they were not dead, but fast asleep. It seems that they had held to the boat until it went to pieces in the trees, and that they had saved themselves by holding to the limbs until the great wave passed away, leaving some ground to stand upon; but, being worn out, they had fallen asleep.

Our boat was a wreck, our gold treasure was lost, and, without food, we found ourselves on a little spot of ground surrounded by miles of water. But we began to hunt for the treasure and to gather up the pieces of our boat, that we might put them together and get to the mainland, where we could at least get fruit to eat.

Seequick and the little brown man made strings and ropes from the bark of one of the trees and, tying together the pieces of our boat, made a kind of raft. While we were doing this

it looked to me as if the island were sinking, for water had begun to run through the low places on the ground. By noon, when we had our raft finished, the island was almost covered with water.

We had floated down the stream but a short



CHARLIE FOUND THE MEN LYING ON THE
GROUND AS IF DEAD.

distance when, looking back, to our surprise we saw that the trees on the island had fallen over, that the island was following us down the river, and, owing to its great size, it was traveling faster than we were. We

worked hard to keep out of the way, but we were caught by it. Our raft went to pieces, and we had to scramble to the trees. There was now no chance of getting to the shore, and we would have to live on leaves and roots or die of starvation.

We had not been on the floating island more than an hour when I saw a line of smoke in the sky, and as we went around a bend in the river a steamboat could be seen far out over the water. Jerking off my shirt and putting it on a pole, I made the little brown man crawl far out on one of the tree limbs to wave it with all his might. O! I would have given any price for a match to start a fire, that the people on the boat might see the smoke and come to us.

But Seequick knew how to make a fire without a match. He took a piece of dry bark and worked a groove in it with another piece of wood by rubbing it back and forth as fast and as hard as he could. While the negroes and Mr. Goodman were waving their shirts as distress signals, I cut some fine shavings, as Seequick directed me to do.

The boat was now on the far side of the river from us and would soon pass by, as they had

not seen our signals. The wood Seequick had been rubbing began to smoke, then it took fire, and he put the shavings on it and blew until they blazed up.

We carefully piled the shavings and little sticks on the fire until we had a large blaze, but the boat had passed us by. We piled more and more wood on the fire, until it began to roar and crackle. Then Seequick put on some brush and leaves. For a moment the fire was smothered out, then a great column of smoke rose into the air, but the boat was far up the river. We built more fires and made more smoke, for the boat was still in sight; but our hearts sank when it looked to us as though the boat was about to go around the bend.

We crawled over the trees to the upper end of the island to wave our white shirts as a last effort; but there was no use in doing so, for the boat had swung around and was coming toward us.

It required but little time for our friends to reach us; and we were overjoyed to be taken on board my Uncle John's boat, where I also found my Uncle Will. That evening Mr. Goodman called us together on the deck of the steamer; and, with the moon and stars looking

down on us, we offered up prayer in thanksgiving for being saved and for finding our friends, for Johnny Jones and his Indians had been picked up a few miles down the river. They had been more fortunate than we; for while they had been washed ashore, they had not lost their gold.

Uncle John made Johnny and his Indians promise to go with him to trap animals. The next morning we landed at the schoolhouse and let Mr. Goodman off, as he did not want to take another journey that would be so full of hardships and danger as trapping wild animals. Uncle John was sorry that we had no time to see the people at the school. We pushed on up the Amazon until we reached a part of the country in which Johnny and his Indians knew there were plenty of wild animals.

We landed at a little place called De Forest and at once began to get ready to go far back into the wilderness, where Johnny said there was a salt spring to which animals came from all parts of the country for the salt water and to lick the salty earth.

It was twenty-five miles to this salt lick, as these springs were called; but it would take a

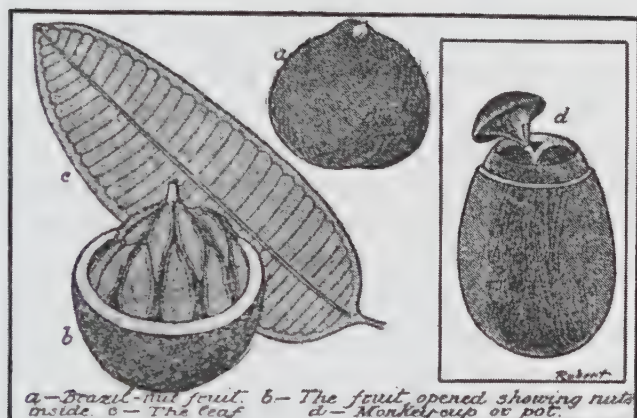
long time to get there with our wagons, as in some places we would have to cut our way through the forest. My uncle knew that the best place in the world to find animals was at one of these salt licks, and he determined to make this our camping place.

Guns, pistols, shovels, picks, axes, saws, ropes, nets, and all kinds of things we should have use for were brought from the boat and loaded on the wagons. Our food and camp supplies were put into a covered wagon, where they would be safe from the sun and rain. The live goats, calves, and sheep to be used as bait for traps were put in cages on the wagons, and we were ready to start for the salt spring.

Before we left the place, my uncle told the Indians who lived in the village that he would buy from them such animals and birds as he should want when he returned from his trip.

We had not traveled very far when the procession had to halt to give our men time to cut away the little trees and bushes that grew in our path. Around us were Brazil nut trees two hundred feet high and fifteen feet through their bodies. They looked as though their tops touched the sky. And if one had been sawed down, two big wagons could have been placed

side by side on the stump, and then there would have been plenty of room to walk around them. The nuts on the trees were ripe enough to fall; and the Indian men, women, and children were camping in the woods near these trees to get the nuts when they fell.



The hard, coconutlike shells which the nuts grow in are as large as a small football and are called monkey cups. They weigh two or three pounds when the nuts in them are ripe. It is very dangerous to go under these trees when the wind is blowing, for it makes the cups break loose from the stem, and they go crashing through the limbs and leaves like cannon balls, hitting the ground with such force and

burying themselves so deep that they have to be dug up by the Indians. The shell is then opened, and the "negro toes," as the children in our country call them, are taken out to be dried in the sun.

The Indians sell the Brazil nuts to the storekeepers, who send them to Para, and from there they are sent by shiploads to the other countries for children to eat at Christmas time.

That night, after passing the Indians who were gathering nuts, we put out guards, for Johnny said that there were some bad Indians farther back in the forest, and we would have to be on the lookout for them all the time.

Children, I will let you be on the watch for them until our next meeting.



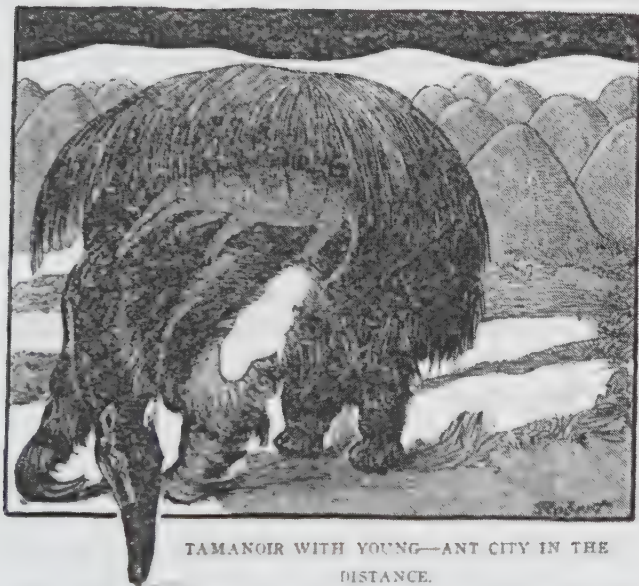
Tenth Evening.

NOW, children, we had traveled about one day and a half when we came to a flat country where there were no trees. Dotted about over this ground were little hills twice as tall as a man and as large as a small room. You would have thought it was a town of some kind. "This is a city of ants," said Johnny, "and the hills you see are their houses. They build them out of a kind of clay which they wet and mix with their spit. When the sun shines on the mud and spit, it gets as hard as a rock, and no animal but the anteater can break through the walls. There are barrels and barrels of ants that live in these hill houses; but when the backwater gets over this lowland, they make themselves up into big balls and float around on the water." I had seen these ant balls floating on the water, but this was the first time I had seen ant houses.

As we went through this ant town we kept as far from the houses as we could, for we did not want the ants to get after us. We had passed the last house when I saw something lying on the ground that looked as if it might be a big bundle of hay, and I pointed it out to Johnny. "Why, that is a bear anteater!" he exclaimed. "She has her bushy tail thrown over her body to hide her young ones and to make believe she is nothing but a bundle of hay lying on the ground. It is the largest one I ever saw, and we must catch her and the little ones." The animal was about the size of a small bear, being seven feet long from the tip of her nose to the tip of her shaggy tail. She was brown in color and had a head that reminded me of an elephant's snout, though not so long.

I sent Seequick for our rope nets and several of the Indians to help catch the anteater. The animal must have been asleep, for she did not get up until Seequick and his men went close to her. As she could not run fast, they soon had the strong net over her. She at once threw herself on her back and, with her sharp claws, cut the ropes and made holes in the net large enough for the little ones to get out and

run away, but they were caught by our men. The Indians soon had her legs tied. Then I crept up and put over her head a sack which was wet with a kind of medicine called chloro-



TAMANOIR WITH YOUNG—ANT CITY IN THE
DISTANCE.

form, which, as soon as she breathed it, put her to sleep.

I looked into her mouth and found that she had no teeth; but she had a long tongue which looked so much like a snake that it scared me. The knifelike claws on her feet could cut or tear

almost anything to pieces. She uses these big claw feet to dig into the ant houses; and when she gets a hole dug in one she puts in her snakelike tongue, then all the soldier ants rush at it to bite it and drive her away. As soon as they do this the ants stick fast in the gluelike spit that is always on her tongue and lips; and when no more ants can stick on, she draws her tongue into her mouth and has a good ant lunch. If the anteater is hungry, she keeps putting her tongue into the ant house, catching them in this way and eating ants until she gets enough.

While the anteater was still asleep we put her in a cage with her little ones and continued on our journey. When we got into the woods again we came upon a father and mother sloth, with their baby, in a big tree. Uncle John ordered the Indians to cut down all the trees that grew near the big one, so that the animals could not get away by jumping from tree to tree. When they did this we cut down the tree the sloths were in, and when it fell I lassoed the old father sloth. Johnny caught the little fellow, and Seequick caught the mother. We put them in a cage next to the anteater, and my uncle sent them back to town.

We had not gone very far after catching the sloths when we passed another bear anteater and a hungry-looking jaguar following him. We watched them awhile; for the jaguar looked as if he must have something to eat, and the anteater walked along as much as to say: "You will not make your dinner on me." All at once the jaguar made a jump at the anteater and tried to stick its claws and teeth into the animal's skin, but the anteater had such a tough hide that the jaguar could not bite through it. As quick as a thought the anteater rolled over on his back and with his strong, sharp claws ripped the jaguar open. He then got up and started on his way to the city of ant hills.

From time to time we could see jaguars and lions out in the woods, and we soon came to a place where there were tracks of many different kinds of animals. Their paths led to a spring not far from a river. When we reached this spring we drove our wagons and cages close up around it and got everything ready to make this place our home while in the woods. The Indians were put to work cutting down trees and building a fort or high fence around the wagons. We built it so high that a bad

Indian or wild animal could not easily get over it. We then dug a ditch all around this fence and put the dirt up against the logs, so that no one could shoot at us through the cracks. Every night four Indians stayed awake as guards and watched to see that no savage Indians or wild animals sneaked up on us.

One night, when every one in the fort was asleep, the guards on watch came running in and woke us up, saying that a number of wild Indians were out in the forest and that some of them were crawling through the bushes toward our fort. I peeped out between the logs and could see a light that looked as if some one had made a little fire over in the woods. I was watching this light when an arrow shot through the air with a ball of fire on it. This fiery arrow struck one of our wagons that had a top and set it on fire. I grabbed a bucket and ran to the spring for water to put out the fire, while the other men were shooting at the Indians. It was not long till daylight, and they left us alone. If we hit any of them, we never found it out.

After the fight with the Indians I took See-quick and two or three other men to hunt for a puma and her babies that had been seen in

the woods near our camp. We soon found her in a big tree. I hid behind a big rock not far away and waited until the Indians made her jump down. She struck the ground not far from where I was hiding, and I threw my lasso over her head and choked her until she was nearly dead. Then we tied her feet up in such a way that she could not hurt us.

I sent one of the men back to the camp to get a cage, and while he was gone the baby pumas came out of a little cave and looked all around as if they were looking for their mother. We watched the little cubs until the cage came; then Seequick and I went up to them, and before they knew what we were about I had one by the hind legs and Seequick had the other. When the poor mother saw us putting her cubs into the cage she tried to break the ropes to get at us, but the ropes were too strong. We picked her up, put her into the cage with her babies, and drove back to the camp.

On our way we found two savage pumas that had just killed a peccary pig; but, having no means of getting them to our fort, we let them alone. My uncles, with Johnny and his Indians, had been out in the woods making traps for jaguars. To do this they dug a deep

hole in the ground; and as they dug up the dirt it was taken away in buckets and baskets, so the sly animal could not see the fresh earth where the hole was dug. Then the Indians put small sticks or poles across the hole, covering these with dirt. Over this they put dead leaves and little pieces of brush, so that the trap looked like the ground all around it. After the trap had been made, Uncle John had one of the calves killed and sprinkled its blood over and around the trap, so the animals might smell the blood and come that way. He then tied a goat in the middle of the trap.

Early the next morning we went out to see if we had caught anything. Arriving in sight of the first trap, one of the Indians pointed out a jaguar up in a tree watching the goat. The animal was so eager to get the goat that she did not notice us, and we hid to watch what she would do. It did not take her long to make up her mind; for when the goat moved as though it were going away, she made a jump at it. The sticks across the hole broke under the weight, and into the trap she went, goat and all.

The puma made a great effort to get out, and would have done so had the Indians not

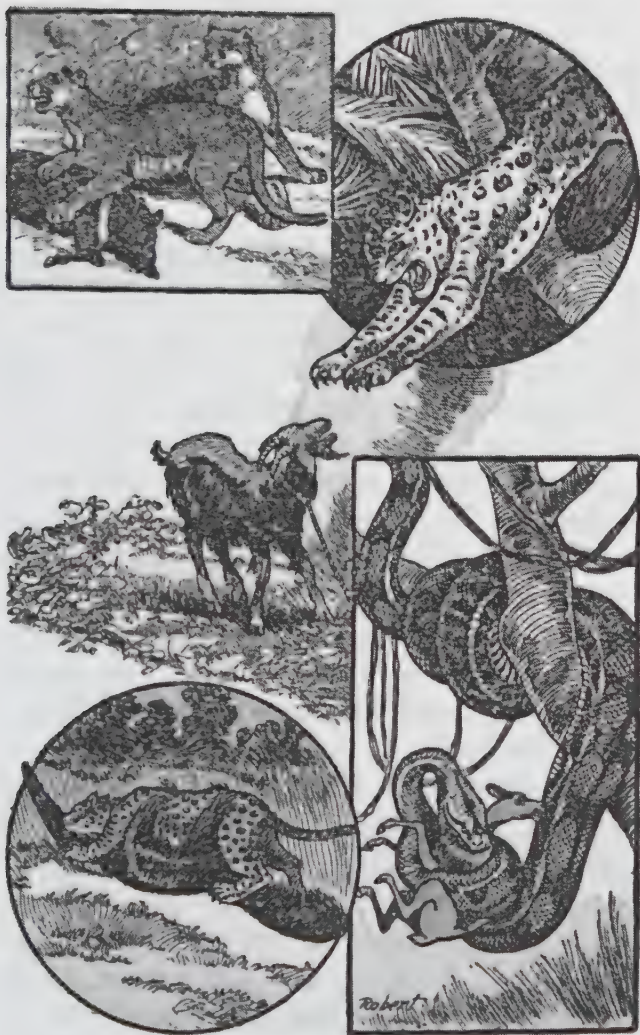
run to the place and with long poles pushed her back each time she jumped to the top. The poor animal bit and fought until she was so weak and tired that she had to be quiet. Presently she heard one of her little ones cry and mew. One of our men had found her home with two little jaguars in it, and he had one in each hand, carrying them like kittens. When the mother heard the cries of her babies, with one wild jump she shot out of the trap; and before any one could stop her, she with her keen claws had torn the flesh from the arm and shoulder of the Indian who had the little ones. He fell to the ground, and in another moment she would have fastened her teeth in his throat, but Johnny shot her through the heart.

We took the little jaguars to the camp, where I put some medicine on a cloth and tied up the cut places on the man to keep the germs from getting into his blood. While I was dressing the wounded Indian the little brown man came into the fort and said that he had found a den of snakes down by the river; that some of them were as long as a horse and wagon, and others looked like baby snakes.

Johnny and I took some of our Indians,

and the little brown man led the way to the place where he had seen the snakes. When we reached the spot I saw a big snake coiled around the limb of a tree that grew beside a pond of water. I knew that it was a boa constrictor and that its bite was not poisonous. But we must never give it a chance to coil around our bodies, as it could then break every bone in us. This snake had a skin of rich color and was covered with white spots. I thought it a beautiful snake for the menagerie, and I made up my mind to catch it. I knew that the best way to catch a snake was to feed it all it would eat, for when you do this it will get so lazy that it will not try to get away.

The snake was on the watch for some deer that were going toward the pond, so Johnny and some of the Indians went through the woods to drive the deer toward the snake. When the deer got near the pond a big snake came up out of the water and hid in the grass. It was a water serpent, or anaconda. Some little deer that did not see the snake ran under the tree that the boa constrictor was on, and, as quick as lightning, the snake caught one and dropped from the tree. The other deer were so frightened that they jumped into the pond,



PUMAS WITH PECCARY—JAGUAR JUMPING ON GOAT AND INTO TRAP
 —TAMANOIR KILLING JAGUAR—BOA CONSTRICTOR KILLING DEER.
 (III)

and the water serpent caught another one of them. The snakes coiled themselves around the deer, and we could hear the bones of the animals break and crack as the snakes tightened their coils around them.

No sooner had the snakes broken all the bones and killed the deer than they commenced to swallow them. After swallowing and swallowing for some time, the boa constrictor at last swallowed his deer and soon looked as if he were ready to go to sleep. The water serpent caught a deer with horns; and after swallowing the animal up to its head, the snake could get it no farther. As the teeth of a snake lean toward the back of its mouth, this snake could not get the deer up and would have to wait weeks and weeks for the spit in his mouth to make the deer's head rot off so he could get rid of the horns.

This was a good thing for us, as we could now get this snake whenever we wanted to without any trouble. I knew that the thing to do was to catch the boa constrictor first. I told one of the Indians to get one of our snake bags and fix it on a pole. I put some cotton in the bottom of the bag and poured chloroform on it, which would put the snake to sleep.

We then crept toward the boa constrictor, and as soon as he raised his head to see what made the noise near him one of the Indians threw a lasso over his head. He twisted, coiled and uncoiled, and tried to run. It looked to me as if he were going to get away from us.

Now, children, I have told you a long story; and if you are not tired I am, so we will stop until the next time.



Eleventh Evening.

I KNOW you want me to tell you about the snake that I was trying to catch. Well, after the Indians had worried the snake for a while, one of them got a forked limb that looked like a big Y and pinned the snake to the ground by sticking the forks on each side of its body. I then threw the sack over its head, with the chloroform on the cotton, and the serpent was soon fast asleep. We did not have much trouble in catching the anaconda, or water serpent, since we could manage him by the deer's horns.

On the way back to the camp with our big snakes a little serpent came running toward me; but as soon as the little fellow saw me, without turning around he ran back over the path he had come. It seemed to me he could run one way as well as another. Johnny said this snake was called a doubleheader.

Early the next morning the Indians who had been watching the fort came in and woke us up to say that they had seen a strange Indian coming toward our camp. We grabbed our guns and went to see if there was any danger. When we saw the strange Indian he had neither gun nor bow and arrow, and we then knew that he was not going to hurt us. We called to him, and he answered that he wanted to see the captain of our fort. We told him to come in, and Uncle John asked him what he wanted. He said that his name was Clubfoot and that he had talked with the Indians who were on their way to De Forest with the sloths and bear anteater. These Indians had told him that we wanted some parrots, and he had some he would like to sell. Uncle asked if he had any monkeys to sell. He answered that he did not, but that he knew where to find as many as we wanted in a woods not far from our camp. Uncle John told Clubfoot that if he would help us catch monkeys he would go by his house to see the parrots.

Johnny then made our Indians find some coconut shells, which they brought into camp. We bored a small hole in one end, and in this we fastened a strong string. In the other end

we cut a hole large enough for a monkey to put his paw in when open. We then tied honey up in little rag bags and put one of these bags into each shell. By the time we had made about fifty of these queer monkey traps it was quite late in the afternoon, but we got everything ready so we could start at sunup the next morning.

We left Seequick, the little brown man, and some Indians to take care of the animals and keep the bad Indians away from our fort. Clubfoot led the way through the woods, and we followed him with the monkey cages. It was not long before we got to that part of the woods where we could see the monkeys. There were so many of them that I thought they must be holding a county fair or having a homecoming week. Johnny told me that the monkeys had come to that part of the forest to eat the sapucaia, or chicken nuts, that grew on the big trees. These nuts, when fresh, are the best nuts to be found in the world. Every season there is a race by the birds, monkeys, and other animals to get them before the Indians gather them to be sent to London. The shells the nuts grow in are as large as a man's head and have a thick, round lid. When the

nuts in the shell are ripe, the lid drops off and the nuts fall to the ground. I ate some of these ripe nuts and could understand why the monkeys came for them, as I never before tasted anything of the kind so delicious.

We now commenced to set our traps by tying the coconut shells to bushes and little trees here and there through the woods. Uncle John sent the Indians to the far side of the woods to drive the monkeys toward the traps. Johnny and I hid near by to see the fun. It was not long before an old monkey saw one of the coconut shells and came down the



MONKEY SUCKING HONEY
BAG.

tree to get it. He picked it up, looked in the large hole, saw and smelled the honey in the bag, and tried to carry the coconut trap away with him, but the string would not let it go. He then put his hand in to get the honey, but when he closed his hand on the bag he could not get it out. For a while he pulled and hauled and jumped and kicked, then he sat down with a look on his face as much as to say: "I know I

have this honey and it cannot get away from me, and I cannot get away from the coconut. I wonder what is the matter?" One little monkey thought he would get some honey. His hand being small, he put it into the trap, got out the honey bag, stuck it into his mouth, and went around sucking it as a baby does a sugar teat. When the other monkeys saw how easy it was for him to get the honey bags, they all commenced to find coconuts, and it was not long before we had caught as many as we wanted.

As soon as the Indians came back we put the monkeys in the cages and started for the camp. We got there about dinner time and found that the little brown man and Seequick had just returned from the river, where they had seen an old mother tapir with a pretty little spotted and striped calf swim across the river. The little brown man said: "We swam across and followed her for some miles through the woods, so as to be sure we could find her path when we went to make a trap. We have the picks, axes, shovels, and everything ready to start to-morrow morning to build a trap. We had hoped to get her before you were back from catching monkeys."

My uncles told the brown man we would go with them to help catch the tapir.

As we rode along through the woods to the river, Uncle John said: "As soon as we trap the tapir we will get Clubfoot's parrots and



TAPIR AND YOUNG.

go back to the village." He wanted to get all our cages and things on the boat and start down the Amazon. Then we should feel that we were on our way home and could get man-

atees, alligators, and other animals as we went down the river.

The tapir must have been hungry or thirsty to come away from home during the day, for, unless they are, these animals are seldom seen in the daytime. The river banks where the tapir had crossed were covered with long grass such as these animals like to eat, and the water was so clear that the fish, big and little, could be seen playing or hunting for food.

I was in hopes that we could see and hear the singing fish, but the Indians made so much noise building a raft to take our cages over the river that they scared all the fish away. On the bank were some of the oddest and ugliest frogs I ever saw. They were not shaped like our frogs, and their backs were full of little pockets, in each of which the mother carried a little baby frog. The Indians caught some of these to cook for their dinner, but I could not make up my mind to eat any of the ugly things.

As the making of the raft was slow work, and as Uncle Will had seen some deer up the river, he and I went to kill one, so we could have some fresh meat. As we crept through the trees and underbrush we startled the beau-

tiful birds that had their homes in the trees, and we well knew that if we were close enough to the deer they would take warning from the screams and whir of the birds and run back into the forest.

We had reached a place in the woods where the ground was wet and marshy, and we had to keep a lookout on the low-limbed trees for snakes. We did not find any snakes, but on one of the trees in this damp place were three of those big iguanas, or South American lizards. One was small, but either of the other two was larger than a man. The Indians think the meat of these lizards is better than deer meat; and I knew it was as good as young chicken, so I whispered to Uncle Will that we had better kill them and not take chances on getting the deer. We agreed on the one each was to shoot, and we both fired at once. Uncle killed the one he fired at, but I had to shoot several times at mine. The little one got away. I went back to where the Indians were at work to get help to carry our game to camp. Uncle Will continued the hunt for the deer, but they had taken fright at the report of our guns and had run far into the woods.

Returning to our friends with the game, we

found them ready to cross the river. Seequick and the little brown man were not long in finding the tapir path, and we followed it for some miles, until we came to a good place to make a trap. We put some of the Indians to digging a big hole in the ground and others to taking the dirt away and hiding it in the woods. When they had finished, we had a hole in the ground about as long as a horse, as wide as a wagon, and as deep as a tall man. We put sticks across this hole and dirt and leaves over the sticks. It was quite dark when we finished, and no one could see that we had been at work in the ground or had made a trap in the tapir's path.

Seequick, the little brown man, and I were to ride off in the direction in which the tapir lived to drive her toward the trap. My uncle, with Johnny and his Indians, were to string out in the woods along each side of the tapir's path and make her walk over the trap. I directed Seequick and the little brown man to go into the woods by the right-hand path, and I took the left. As I rode not a sound could be heard except that made by my horse's feet as he stepped on the dead brush and leaves.

I cannot say how far I had traveled when I

came to a place where the trees and bushes were so thick that I could hardly get through them. All at once an Indian grabbed my bridle reins, and before I had time to think another had jumped on my horse behind me and slipped his arms under mine in such a way that I could not get out my pistol. At the same time he put his hand over my mouth and pressed my head so hard against his chest that I could not move nor call for help. While this Indian held me the other one rode away, leading my horse. They turned from the path I had been following and went into the



THE TWO BAD INDIANS CAPTURING CHARLIE.

woods as fast as they could go. But after a while they stopped, took my pistol out of my pocket, and made me get off of my horse. They made a gag of a stick and tied it in my mouth so I could not speak. Then they put a rope around my waist, tied my hands behind me, and brought the rope around my neck.

I tell you I was scared, for my first thought

was that they were going to hang me. I could see that we were at the foot of a hill as big as a mountain. I had some hopes of my life when they commenced to walk up this hill and lead me as they did the horses. When we had climbed nearly to the top of the hill, we came to a big rock which stuck out from the ground and made a kind of roof over a bed of white sand. Here the Indians stopped and tied me to a tree, just as they did the horses. Then they went under the rock and, lying down on the sand, went to sleep.

I lay on the ground but did not go to sleep, for I was trying all the time to get my hands loose. The more I thought that these men might take my horse and leave me tied to the tree to be eaten by wild animals, the harder I worked to get my hands out of the rope that held them. After pulling and working until the skin on my hands was torn and bleeding, I got one hand loose, but I could not get the other one out of the knot. With my one hand I could not untie the rope around my neck that held me to the tree.

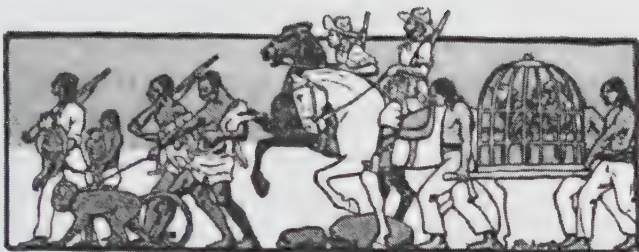
Up to this time the moon had been shining as bright as day, but now black clouds hid it from sight. I could see the lightning flash,

and every now and then I could hear great claps of thunder, which seemed to get nearer and nearer. I got as far away from the tree as the rope would let me, for I knew I was in danger of being killed by the lightning if I stood under the tree. As it was so dark that I could not see where I stepped, my foot slipped and I fell. The rope tightened around my neck, and every time I tried to get up the farther down the hill I slipped, until the rope was so tight that it was choking me.

A bright flash of lightning struck the tree, followed by an awful clap of thunder, and I went rolling down the hill. The lightning had run down the tree and burned the rope in two. I jumped up; but I felt the earth quiver, roll, and tumble under my feet, and I was thrown to the ground. I knew we were having an earthquake, and at each flash of lightning I could see big rocks come tumbling down the hill and great cracks open in the ground. I thought that the best thing for me to do was to lie still; and while there on the ground waiting for the earth to stop shaking, I said all the prayers my mother had ever taught me and remembered some that night that I had long ago forgotten.

It was soon daylight, and there were great cracks in the ground that I could not jump across. The earthquake had shaken down the rock that the Indians had gone under. The horses were gone, and I hoped that the Indians had gone with them; but I began to crawl toward the rock to make sure that they had not been killed.

I hope that you will always say your prayers as well as I said mine that night and that you will not dream about earthquakes.



Twelfth Evening.

I TOLD you children that I hoped the Indians had gone with the horses; but when I got to the big rock I found that the earthquake had caused the rock to fall on them, and both men were dead. I slipped my hand into the dead Indian's pocket, took out his knife, cut the rope from around my neck and waist and the one that held the gag stick in my mouth. I then took some powder and balls for the rifle, which was on the ground not far from him, put the gun on my shoulder, and started down the hill. On reaching the foot of the hill, I heard the tramp of horses; and fearing that it might be some bad Indians, I hid, ready to defend myself if they should find me.

The "Tramp! tramp!" got so close that I was afraid the horses would step on me. Parting the bushes, I peeped out; and O! my heart

gave a great throb, for before me were Johnny and Seequick. Don't you know we were glad to see each other? The first thing I asked was: "Did you catch the tapir?" Johnny replied: "Yes; we drove the old one over the trap, and she fell in, and we caught the little



CHARLIE, HIDDEN, SEES JOHNNY AND SEEQUICK.

fellow and tied him to a tree. Then we went to search for you; but the storm and earthquake scared the Indians, and it got so dark that we dared not go farther until this morning."

It took us some time to get back to the tapir trap, because the earthquake had made cracks

in the earth and we had to ride around them. When we reached the trap we found the tapir almost buried, the earthquake having shaken the earth in on her.

Uncle Will and I went on to the camp to get things ready for our journey to De Forest.



BEAUTIFUL TROGON.

ARMADILLOS.

On our way back we went by Clubfoot's house and bought his parrots. When we arrived at De Forest we learned that many of the Indians had gone on a hunt the day we left there and had returned with many kinds of animals and birds. Among the birds was one that had a crest or crown of green and gold feathers on

its head. Green and gold feathers were on its throat, back, and wings. The long feathers in its tail were a beautiful black and gold, while the breast feathers were a bright red.

This bird is one of the most beautiful birds in the world, and is called the beautiful trogon. The animal I was most interested in was the armadillo, which has a shell-like covering growing on the body, in which it can roll itself into a ball, so that few animals can break through the shell and hurt it. This creature has a long, pointed snout, thick, short legs, and such strong claws that, like a mole, it can dig through sandy ground almost as fast as a man can dig after it.

The Indians had brought in a great many of these animals; but we bought only four, and the Indians killed the others, since they are fond of the meat.

We had trouble in getting food enough to last us on our long journey, although we took on board all our oxen, horses, and ponies, to be killed and fed to the animals. But at last everything was loaded on the boat. With the white steam puffing out of the pipes on the back of the boat, and black clouds of smoke rolling out of the tall chimney stacks, we began our

journey down the river, while the people on the banks waved us good-by.

We did not make a stop until we landed at the little town where we had left part of our gold in the bank, and did not remain there any longer than necessary to get our treasure on board the boat.

We stopped at the schoolhouse; and it was while waiting for Mr. Goodman to get ready to come with us that we were lucky enough to catch two manatees, or river cows, and put them in water tanks on board our boat.

In a few days we reached Mr. Goodman's home. After dividing our treasure, he wanted us to stay with him for a while; but Uncle John was in a hurry to get our animals to Para, so we bade the negroes and the little brown man good-by and continued down the river.

We were only one day's journey from Para when we came to an island with a number of alligators on it; and as we wanted three or four of these, we let the boat float close to the island. Seequick took a large piece of meat and, putting it on a big, sharp hook with a rope tied to it, threw the bait to the alligators. One huge fellow grabbed it and, closing his jaws on

the hook, tried to swim away; but finding that he was caught, the old fellow put up a hard fight for his freedom, beating the water with his tail and pulling and tugging at the rope, but it was too strong for him to break. After worrying him until he was tired out, we hauled him on board the boat.

While some of the men were catching alligators, Johnny and his Indians had taken a little skiff to go to the lower end of the island to turn some turtles over on their backs, so we could get them for food. When he brought them on the steamboat, we found that one of them weighed as much as a cow. This was the largest turtle I had ever seen in all my travels. The next day we reached Para, and, to my delight, the ship we had come to Brazil upon was anchored out in the river.

Although it had been a long time since Captain Paul had seen us, and although on his many ocean trips he had seen thousands of strangers, still he knew us when we went aboard his vessel to see if we could get him to take our animals in his ship with us to be carried home. He was almost ready to begin his return voyage to his own country. So, after arrangements were made, we steamed our boat

up beside the big ship; and after many hours of hard work, all our animals were on board the vessel. Uncle John then sold his boat to a man who was going up the Amazon to bring down rubber, Brazil nuts, coffee, and alligator skins, with the understanding that he would take all of Johnny's Indians back on the boat and let them get off when they reached their own country, Johnny and Seequick having decided to go with us.

Everything on board the ship was now in confusion. Friends bade each other good-by and rushed off to the little boats that carried them to land. The huge iron anchors were hauled up from the bottom of the river, the pilot took his place in the pilot house, Captain Paul tapped a big bell, the pilot blew the whistle, the engineer turned on the steam, and our ship's nose began plowing through the water toward the ocean.

That night, as far as I could see, the ocean looked as if it were on fire. The light was so bright that we could see to read by it. Captain Paul told us it was made by tiny little creatures that live in the ocean and give off light in the water, just as lightning bugs do in the air. He said they are so tiny that

they cannot be seen with the naked eye; but there are so many of them in the ocean that, when they crowd to the surface, they give the water the appearance of being on fire. For many days we were out on the water. We never again saw the whole surface of the sea in a glow; but every night there were millions of these tiny insects about the ship's side as it plowed through the water, disturbing the little creatures, which made them give out the fire-like glow.

Our voyage on the ocean had been a pleasant one; but early one morning, as I went out on deck, I was delighted to see that our pilot was running the ship into her dock, and we were soon in our own homeland.

It was agreed that Uncle John should see to the unloading of our animals, while Uncle Will and I took our treasure to the bank, after which I was to go home to my parents.

I had now seen enough of the world to know that it makes no difference how rich a boy is, he will never amount to much as a man without an education. I resolved to quit the show and go to school. I sold part of my treasure for a large amount of money. The gold I sent to the mint and had it made into five-

ten-, and twenty-dollar pieces to put into a bank. Whenever the circus came to our town, I took all my little friends to see the animals we had caught in Brazil. On pleasant evenings the children gathered about me, and I told them these stories as I have told them to you.

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